

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

NO. 6
MARCH 12

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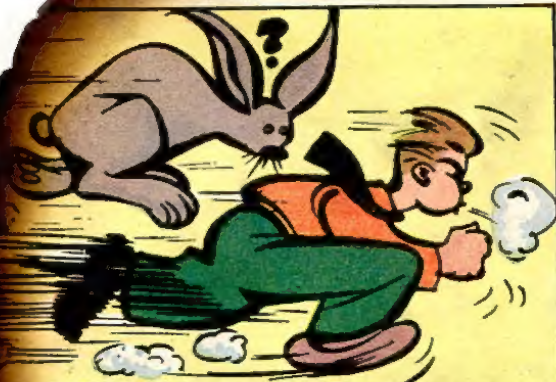
10¢



CAPT. MIDNIGHT—RADIO AND MOVIE STAR—BLASTS THE BLACK MIKADO!

UNDERBOLT

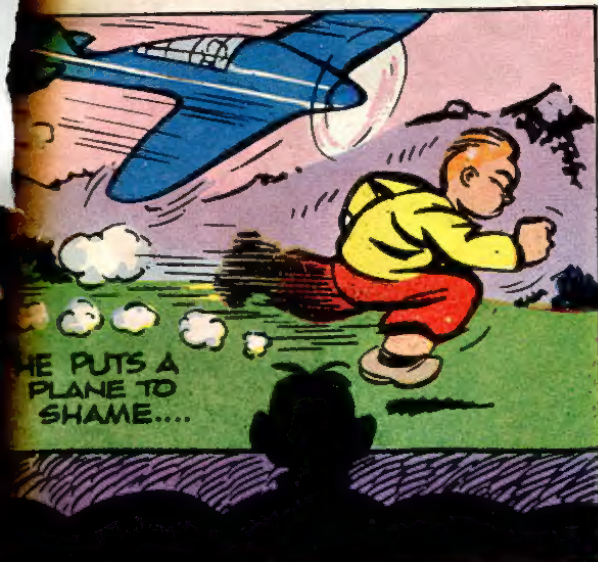
THEATER



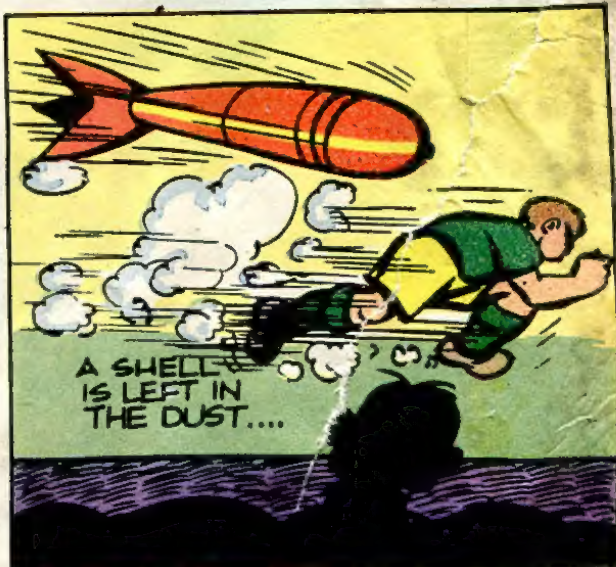
HE OUTRUNS
A RABBIT.....



HE LEAVES A
JEEP IN
A CREEP....



HE PUTS A
PLANE TO
SHAME....



A SHELL
IS LEFT IN
THE DUST....



OUTRUNS A
EXPRESS..

YOU RUN TOO?
GO GET CAPTAIN
MARVEL ADVENTURES
NO. 22
AND READ THE **NEW**
EXCITING SERIAL
**"THE MONSTER
SOCIETY OF EVIL"**



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Fawcett Publications, Inc., is happy to have the co-operation of these advisors whose names are known to every parent and child. I am sure that our readers will profit by the connection of Mrs. Roosevelt, Admiral Byrd, Dr. Dafoe and Father Tynan with this magazine.

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CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT IS KNOWN TO MANY AS ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT INVENTORS, BUT ONLY A TRUSTED FEW KNOW THAT IT IS HE WHO DONS THE BLAZING UNIFORM THAT SPELLS TERROR TO AXIS RATS AND BECOMES THAT IRON-FISTED FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM—CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!!



THE
TERROR
OF
THE
PANAMA
PLOT
PAGE
4



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DO YOUR PART

MARCH 12, 1943. VOL. 1, No. 6

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CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

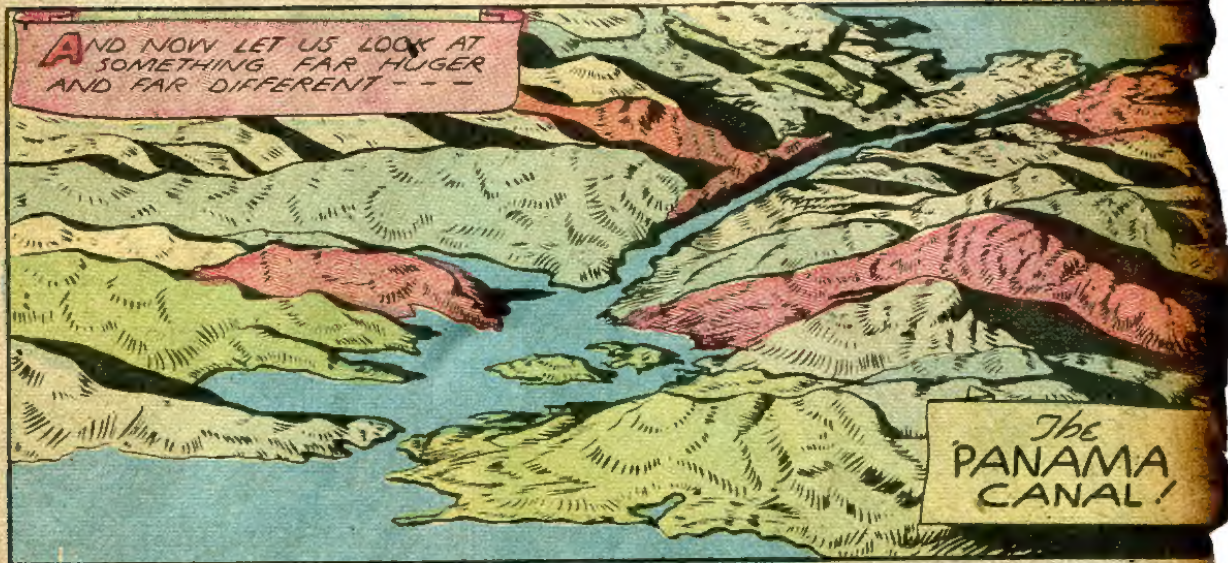
and the PANAMA PLOT!

CEASELESSLY, RELENTLESSLY, AXIS SPIES PLOT AGAINST THE PANAMA CANAL, GATEWAY FOR THE BUSY AMERICAN NAVY! BUT BOMBS DO NOT DROP!... GUNS DO NOT ROAR!... THERE IS ONLY THE FAINT BUZZ OF ONE OF THE TINIEST AND MOST INSIGNIFICANT OF INSECTS -- THE MOSQUITO! YET THE LOWLY MOSQUITO SUDDENLY BECOMES A MENACE MORE DEADLY THAN BLOCK-BUSTER BOMBS! AND MIGHTY CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, CHAMPION OF AMERICA, IS CALLED UPON TO AVERT A DISASTER THAT MIGHT SWELL WIDE OUT PART OF OUR WORLD!

OUR STORY STARTS, INNOCENTLY ENOUGH, WITH A MOSQUITO!... BUT THIS IS THE DEADLY LITTLE YELLOW-FEVER MOSQUITO!

The
PANAMA
CANAL.

AND NOW LET US LOOK AT
SOMETHING FAR HUGER
AND FAR DIFFERENT --



The
PANAMA
CANAL!

WHAT CONNECTION CAN THERE
BE BETWEEN THE TWO -- A
LOVELY MOSQUITO, AND THE
STUPENDOUS PANAMA CANAL?
BUT LOOK AT THE MOSQUITO,
AS IT DARTS AND BITES --



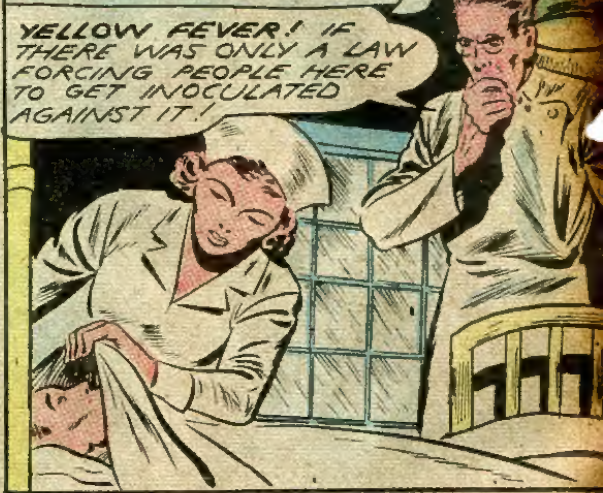
OUCH!
MOSQUITO
BITE!

SLAP!

GATUN
LOCKS

AND SOON, THIS MAN
IS DEATHLY SICK!

YELLOW FEVER! IF
THERE WAS ONLY A LAW
FORCING PEOPLE HERE
TO GET INOCULATED
AGAINST IT!

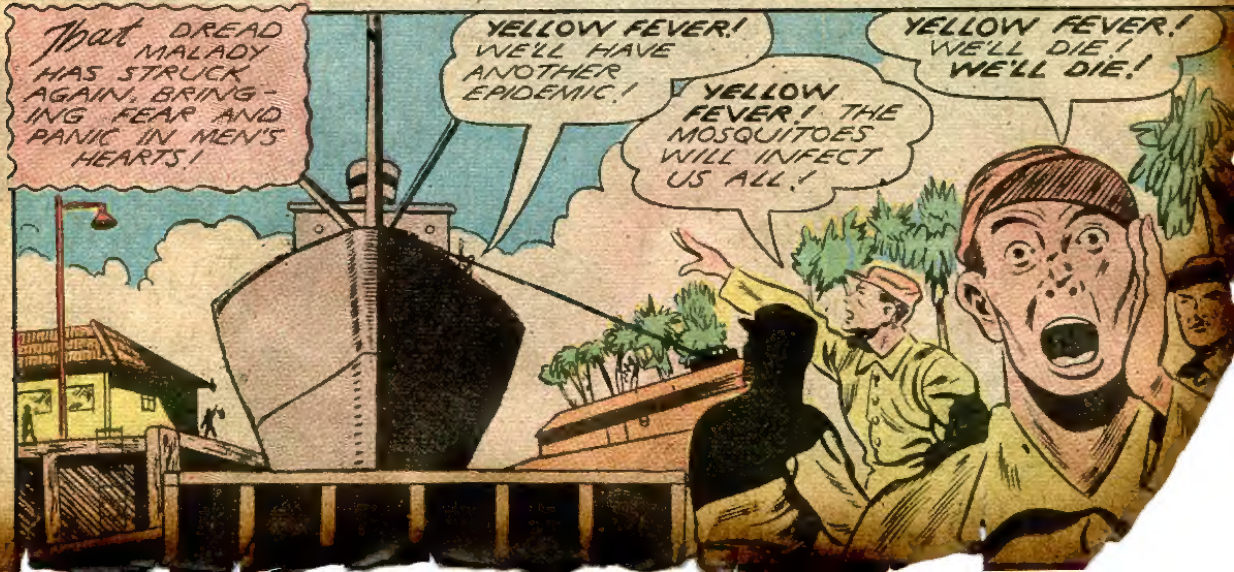


That DREAD
MALADY
HAS STRUCK
AGAIN, BRING-
ING FEAR AND
PANIC IN MEN'S
HEARTS!

YELLOW FEVER!
WE'LL HAVE
ANOTHER
EPIDEMIC!

YELLOW
FEVER! THE
MOSQUITOES
WILL INFECT
US ALL!

YELLOW FEVER!
WE'LL DIE!
WE'LL DIE!



DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, SURROUNDING THE CANAL, ANOTHER YELLOW MENACE LURKS -- THE BLACK MIKADO!

HAH! YELLOW FEVER! WHEN IT HAS LAID LOW EVERY MAN WHO ISN'T INOCULATED, WE YELLOW MEN OF NIPPON WILL TAKE OVER THE CANAL ZONE!

DESPITE BEING INOCULATED, THE BLACK MIKADO TAKES NO CHANCES!

BUT THERE IS ONE MORE MEMBER OF THE CAST -- CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, TOP-NOTCH AMERICAN INVENTOR.

YELLOW FEVER AT THE PANAMA CANAL! THAT MEANS THE JUNGLE MOSQUITOES HAVE BITTEN SOMEONE WITH YELLOW FEVER AND ARE BUSY SPREADING IT EVERYTIME THEY BITE ANOTHER PERSON!

YELLOW FEVER! MOSQUITOES! OUCH! SOMETHING BIT ME! HALP! I'VE GOT YELLOW FEVER!

DON'T BE SILLY, ICK! WE DON'T HAVE YELLOW FEVER IN THE U.S.! C'MON, WE'VE GOT A CHANCE TO TRY OUT OUR AIR-SPRAY INVENTION IN THE CANAL ZONE!

CAN'T WE GO ALONG TOO, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT?

I COULD BE USEFUL AS A NURSE!

OKAY! GUESS YOU BOTH CAN HELP!

UP FROM THE NEVADA HEADQUARTERS, HEAD-
ING SOUTH FOR THE
PANAMA CANAL, SOARS
THEIR PLANE, A SPECIAL
MODEL BUILT BY CAPT.
ALBRIGHT HIMSELF,
ALONG THE LINES OF
THE FAMOUS LOCK-
HEED P-38!

FUNNY!
YELLOW FEVER'S
BEEN UNDER
CONTROL FOR YEARS!
WHY SHOULD IT POP
UP ALL OF A SUDDEN?



NOT MANY HOURS LATER

HERE ARE THE
JUNGLES NEAR THE
CANAL! SPRAY DOWN
OUR BUG-JUICE, ICKY!

RIGHT!
HERE GOES!



BELOW, AS THE MOSQUITO-KILLING
MIST SPREADS --

CAPTAIN
ALBRIGHT! I'D
RECOGNIZE HIS
PLANE ANYWHERE!
SHOOT HIM DOWN!



A CAMOUFLAGED
GUN IS QUICKLY
EXPOSED --

LONG HAVE I
MADE MY PLANS
--AND CAREFULLY!
I WILL NOT HAVE
THEM MISARRY!
FIRE!!



-- AND SHELLS
HURTLE INTO
THE AIR!

JUMPIN'
JUPITER!
GUNFIRE!

OHO! SEEMS
WE'VE STIRRED
UP A HORNET'S
NEST!

YOU MEAN
A MOSQUITO'S
NEST!

LUCKY THEY'RE
ROTTEN SHOTS
-- SO FAR!

TAKE OVER,
ICKY! LAND
AT PANAMA
AND WAIT!
AS FOR
CAPTAIN
ALBRIGHT--
WELL--



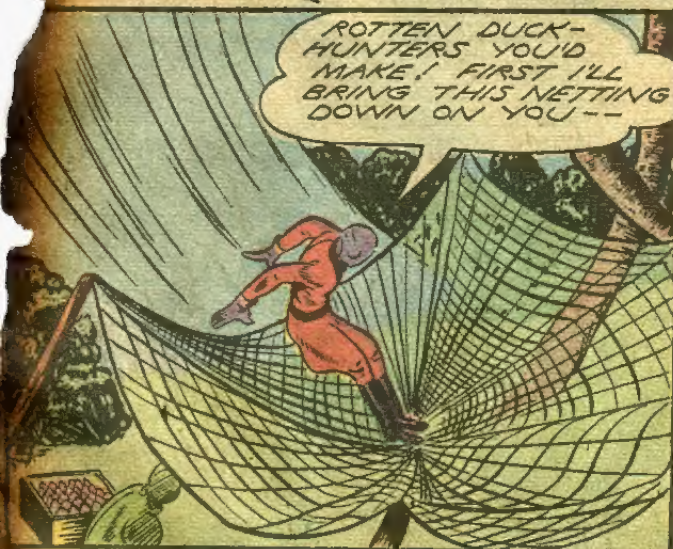


...CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS INVESTIGATING!

AND THE MIGHTY FORM OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, AMERICA'S GREAT DEFENDER, SOARS EARTHWARD... BY GLIDERCHUTE!



NEVER MIND THE PLANE! SHOOT THAT MAN! IT'S CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!



ROTTEN DUCK-HUNTERS YOU'D MAKE! FIRST I'LL BRING THIS NETTING DOWN ON YOU--



NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT I'VE BAGGED-- BLACK MIKADO! SO YOU'RE BEHIND THIS YELLOW-FEVER PLOT!

HONORABLE SKY FELL?



NO, BUT HERE FALLS MY HONORABLE FIST, YOU YELLOW SNAKE!

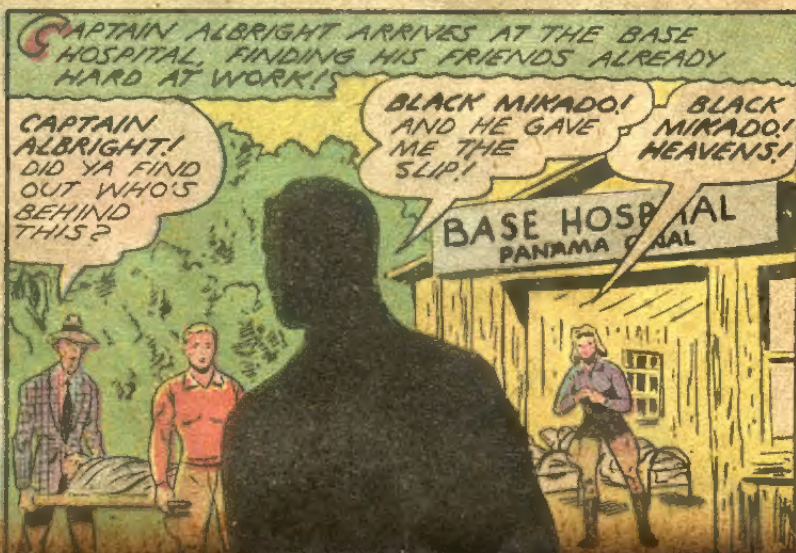
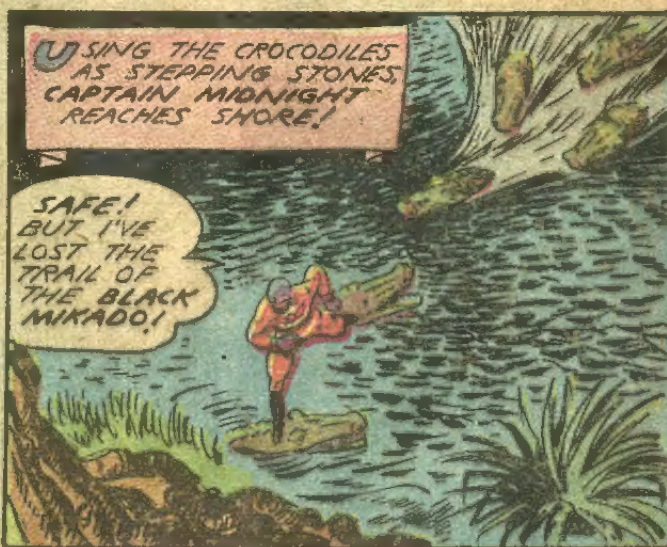
HONORABLE OUCH!



I'VE GOT YOU ALL WHERE I WANT YOU-- IN THE BAG!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





THE CHIEF OF THE PANAMA CANAL FORCES
IS A WORRIED MAN!

CAPTAIN
ALBRIGHT
REPORTING.
SIR! HOW
BAD IS THE
EPIDEMIC
SO FAR?

IT'S MIGHTY
SERIOUS, CAPTAIN!
A HUNDRED CASES
ALREADY! IF IT
KEEPS UP, THE
ENTIRE
POPULA-
TION WILL
HAVE IT!

WORST OF ALL,
A BIG UNIT OF
THE AMERICAN
MERCHANT MARINE
IS GOING THROUGH
THE CANAL TONIGHT!
IF THE YELLOW
FEVER GETS
TO THEM --!

AND BLACK MIKADO IS WELL
AWARE OF THAT SAME FACT!

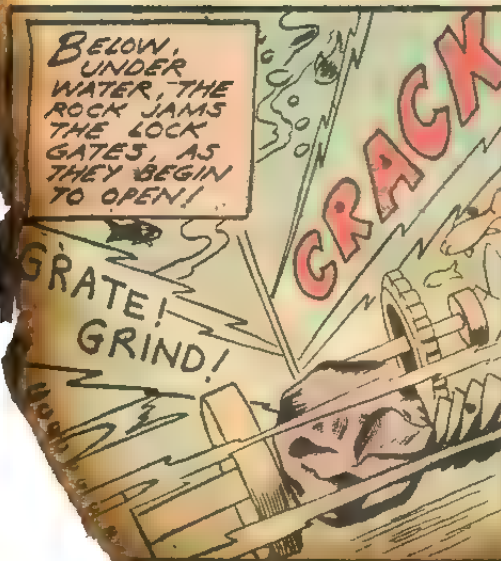
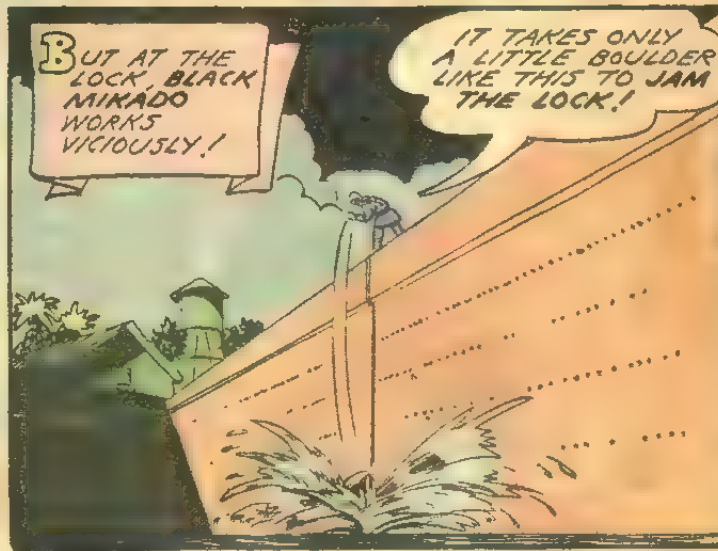
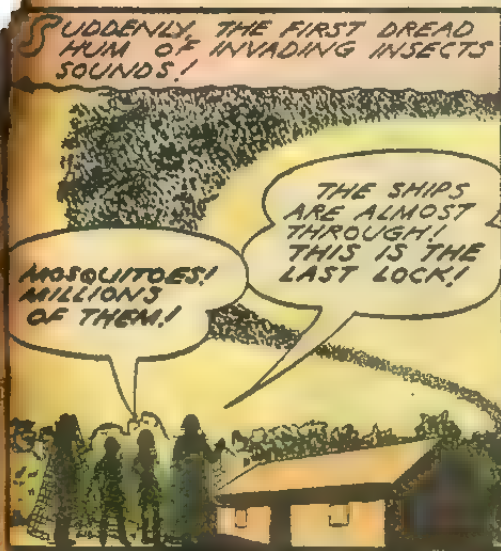
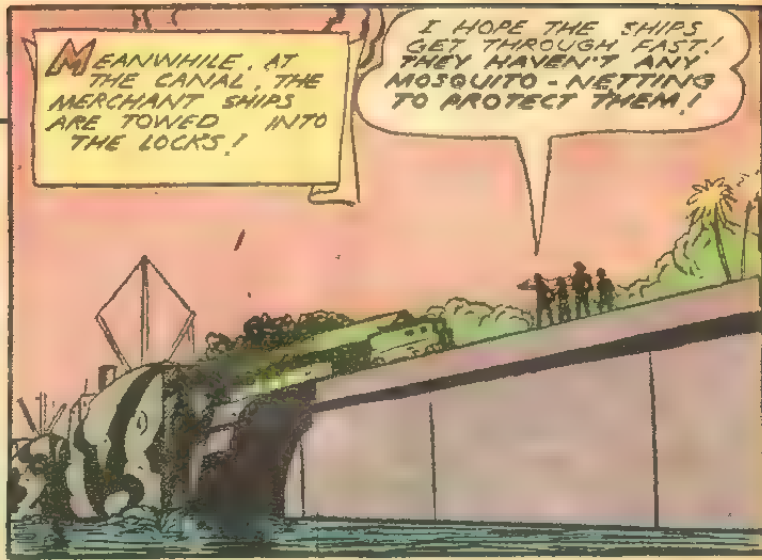
FACE MASKS IN
PLACE, MEN! TO-
NIGHT WE WILL
RELEASE A
LARGER SWARM
OF OUR INFECT-
ED MOSQUITOES
-- TO ATTACK
THE AMERICAN
FLEET!

THE SPIES APPROACH A DARK POOL,
OVERHUNG WITH MOSQUITO-
NETTING!

AH, LISTEN TO THEM
 BUZZ! THERE ARE
 MILLIONS OF MOS-
 QUITOES THERE, ALL
 CARRYING THE
 YELLOW FEVER
 GERM!

GO, LITTLE ONES!
I DO NOT NEED
BOMBS OR GUNS
TO REDUCE THE
FORCES OF THE
PANAMA CANAL!
JUST LITTLE
MOSQUITOES!
HO! HO!
HO!

AND MORE DEADLY
THAN STUKA.
DIVE-BOMBERS, THE
HUMMING LITTLE
INSECTS SWARM
TOWARD HUMAN
PREY LIKE A
DEADLY FLEET OF
TINY WARPLANES!



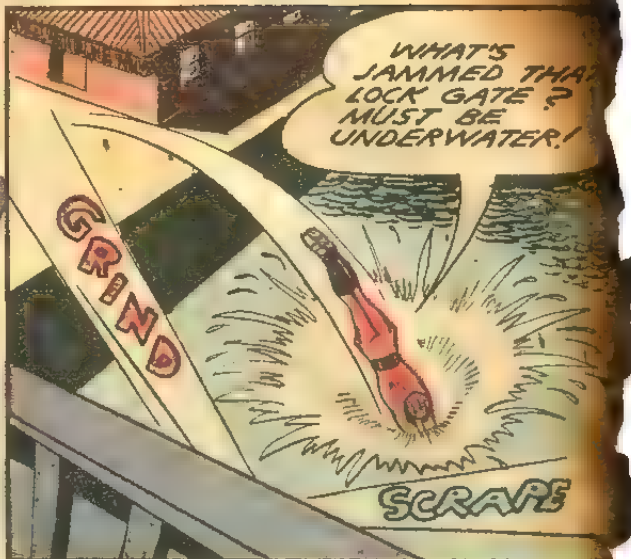
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

BUT CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT IS ON THE MOVE -- AS MIGHTY CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

IF THAT FLEET IS STALLED ANOTHER HOUR, EVERY MAN ABOARD WILL BE BITTEN! AND THE SHIPS WILL SOON BE FLOATING COFFINS!



WHAT'S JAMMED THAT LOCK GATE? MUST BE UNDERWATER!



A BOULDER! -- NO WONDER!



USING ALL HIS TITANIC STRENGTH, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT YANKS AWAY THE OBSTACLE!



OOF!
THERE IT COMES!

BUT HIS LIFE SEEMS FORFEIT, AS A FLOOD OF RELEASED WATERS TOSSES HIM AT BREAKNECK SPEED TOWARD THE CANAL WALLS!



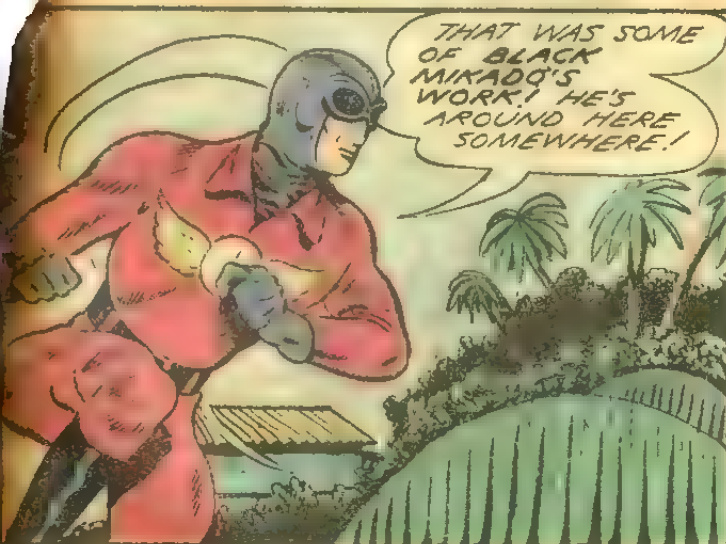
GASP! I'M DONE FOR -- UNLESS I CAN GET MY PLASTIC WIRE HOOKED UP ABOVE!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
USES THE PLASTIC
WIRE CONCEALED
IN HIS BELT --

MADE
IT!

-- AND THE FLEET
STEAMS TOWARD
OPEN SEA, SAFE
FROM THE MOS-
QUITO MENACE!

HURRAY!
THE MOSQUITOES
WON'T FOLLOW
US OUT TO SEA!



THAT WAS SOME
OF BLACK
MIKADO'S
WORK! HE'S
AROUND HERE
SOMEWHERE!



BLAST
THAT
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT!
HE SAVED
SAILORS!

BUT I'LL GET
THEM YET! I
STILL HAVE
ONE ACE IN
THE HOLE!

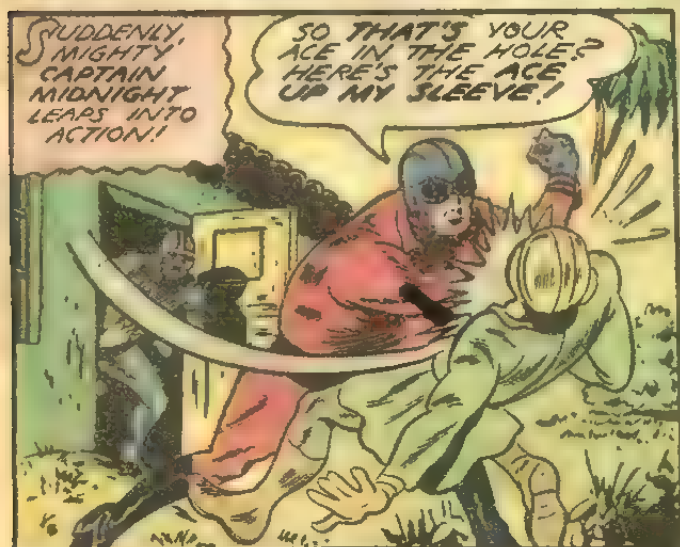
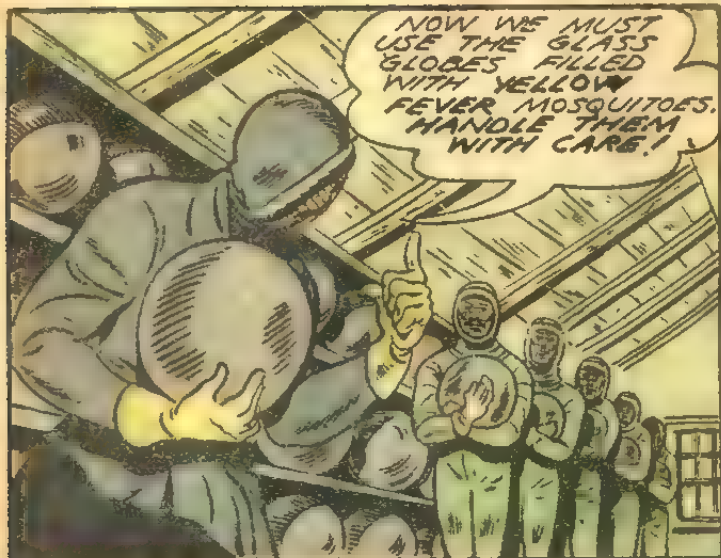
HMM! I'LL
FOLLOW HIM
AND BUST UP
THAT, TOO,
WHATEVER
IT IS!

AT HIS SECRET JUNGLE CAMP, BLACK
MIKADO ROUNDS UP HIS MEN.

WHAT IS WRONG,
HONORABLE BLACK
MIKADO?

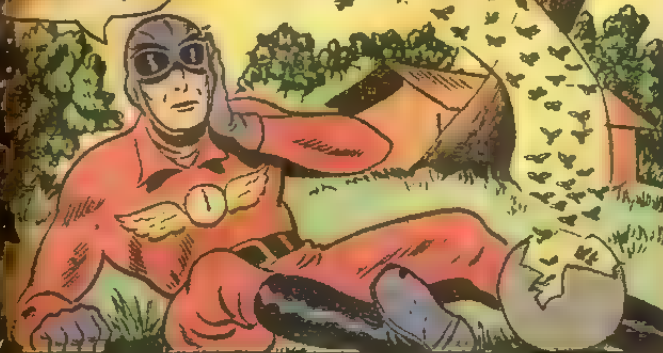
PLENTY!
THE
SAILORS
ARE ESCAPING
OUR MOSQUITOES.





HORDE OF MOSQUITOES BUZZ OUT EAGERLY, TOWARD THE STUNNED CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

WHA --? MOSQUITOES! LADEN WITH YELLOW FEVER --!



MY ONLY CHANCE IS A BLACKOUT BOMB --- IT WORKED!



THEY'RE JUST TAKING OFF!



BUT NOT WITHOUT AN EXTRA PASSENGER!



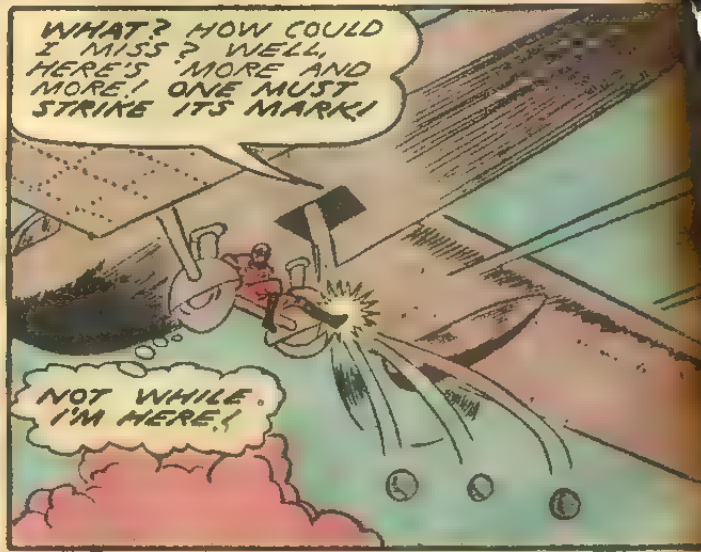
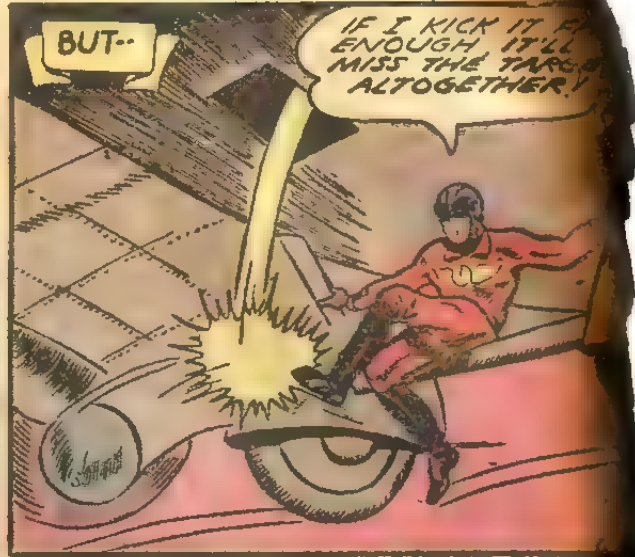
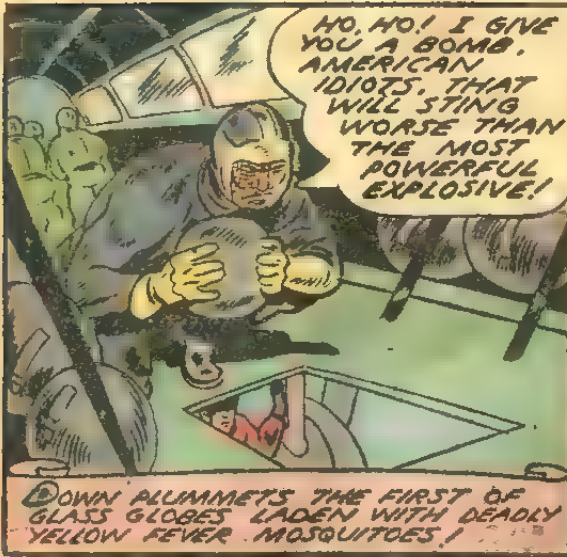
THEY HAVEN'T SPOTTED ME YET!



SNEAK UP ON THEM! PREPARE TO RELEASE YELLOW FEVER BOMBS!

AHEAD ARE AMERICAN SHIPS, HONORABLE BLACK MIKADO!





WHA -- ? IT
CAME BACK ?
THE MOSQUITOES
ARE LOOSE!

TOO LATE TO PULL DOWN THEIR
MASKS. BLACK MIKADO'S MEN
ARE STUNG UNMERCIFULLY BY THE
HORDE OF YELLOW DOOM!

OWW!
WE'RE
STUNG!

TOO LATE BLACK MIKADO USES
AN EMERGENCY SPRAY!

THE MOSQUITOES
ARE DEAD! BUT
WE ARE
DOOMED!
YELLOW FEVER
IS IN OUR BLOOD!

LET US
COMMIT
HARI-KIRI!

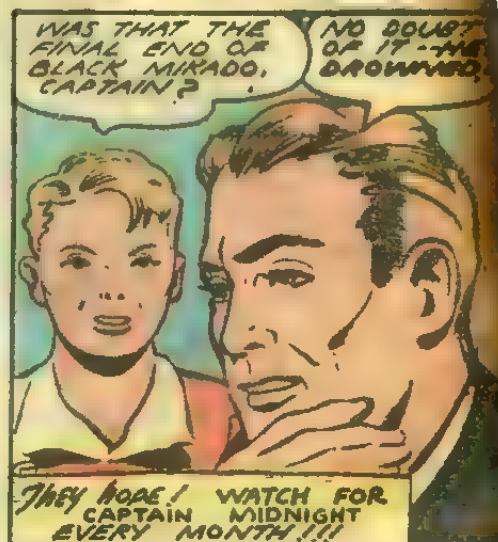
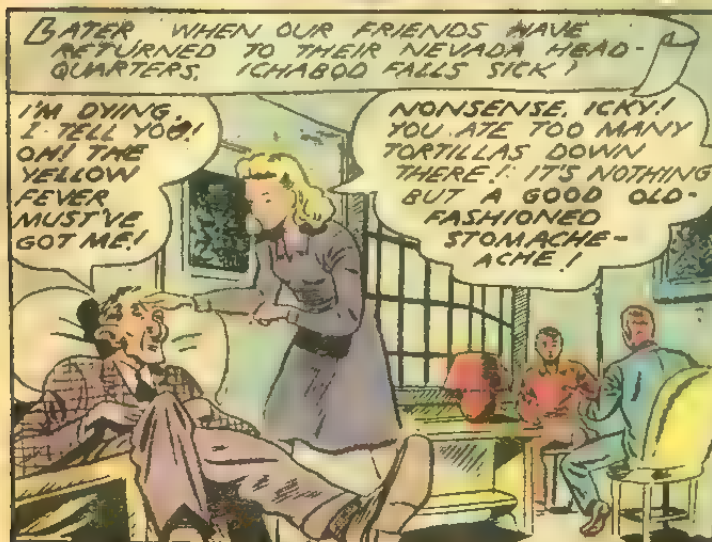
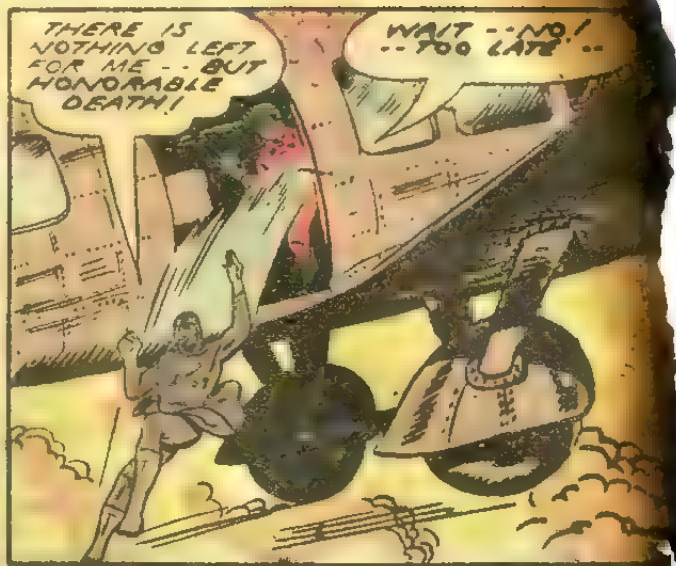
YES, IT IS A
QUICKER
DEATH!

TRY THAT
MOSQUITO-
SPRAY ON
THE BLACK
MIKADO!

CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT?
YOU HAVE
DONE THIS
TO ME!

WRECKED MY
PLANS -- KILLED
MY MEN ---
SAVED THE
PANAMA
CANAL!

OH, I'M A
PANAMA
BOY!



ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ADVENTURE !!!

HERE ARE COMMANDER DON WINSLOW AND HIS PAL RED PENNINGTON, TWO OF THE DARINGEST, SEAFARINGEST MEN WHO EVER BATTLED A TYPHOON OR A NAZI SUB! THRILL TO THEIR SMASH ACTION IN THE BRAND NEW, 68-PAGE MAGAZINE..

DON WINSLOW
OF THE NAVY

10¢

GET IT AT YOUR NEWSST

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

BLOOD on the ROCKS

by JOSEPH J.
MILLARD



ANOTHER
STORY ABOUT
RED SKYE
ACE OF
AIR-FIGHTERS!

THE BLOOD-RED wings made a grotesque cross against the paler red of the sun's rim, just peeping above the desert. The Messerschmitt had come out of the east at dawn, flickered briefly across the edge of the sun and then hurtled on up, against the lightning blue of the desert sky. It was dawn over Libya and The Baron had come.

Red Skye, tooling his roar-Republic Thunderbolt out to the west, where night still lay, saw the flicker of the wings and was convinced the Baron had come and

he had come alone. There, over silent and eternal desert, these two grim enemies could duel to the death.

"The Baron is a rat, a butcher and a madman," Red spoke aloud. "but he's no physical coward where a fight's concerned. And he flies that Me like he'd been born in it."

This time, the duel was of Red Skye's own making. Time after time he had met the vicious Baron, usually on unequal terms and either by accident or by The Baron's machinations. From the memorable day when Red Skye went down in history as the first

lous Baron, the blood feud had existed. The Baron had tried by every trick and treachery known to the warped Nazi mind to wipe out the stain on his honor by killing the young American pilot. Knowing the intensity of the Baron's mad hatred, and the danger of the man, the American high command had given Red Skye almost *Carte Blanche* to meet the Baron on any and all terms. To destroy Nazi Germany's mad ace would be to destroy one of the greatest menaces against freedom.

But this time, Red Skye had carried the fight to the enemy. He was over their heads of

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

Rommel's scattered Afrika Korps the night before, Red Skye has disdained feeble anti-aircraft fire to drop a note, a challenge, to The Baron.

"Meet me over the desert at dawn," read the jaunty message. "Meet me alone if you dare, or bring your flying rat-pack if you haven't the nerve to come alone. But meet me at dawn over the Well of Kir Shih and we'll fight this out to a finish."

And now the Baron had met the challenge—met it alone—stung by the taunt. He was coming, chasing the shadow of his own stubby wings across the sands, coming with rage in his heart and death in his thumb-trips to kill the man who had so often eluded him.

"If you're as mad as I think you are," Red grinned into the windscreen, "you'll be a sucker for a smash attack, pal."

He had no illusions. This was no affair of honor, to be staged by any code of chivalry. The Baron knew only one code—to kill by any means at hand, treacherous or otherwise. And it was Red Skye's job to kill The Baron first.

Like mad hornets the two roaring planes thundered toward a head-on meeting, each disdaining a futile try for altitude. In each man's sights, the image of the other was growing fantastically as the two planes drew together at a combined speed of close to nine hundred miles an hour. Yet both held their courses and their fire.

Almost simultaneously, both men kicked rudder and pressed the red-painted thumb-trips. Simultaneous storms of lashing lead poured from wing guns, streaming fire through

instant. Then the two planes, banking almost vertically, swept past one another so closely that if either had had his undercarriage extended, there would have been a collision.

IT WAS BUT the warm-up, the opening shots in the battle. Red saw his own tracers throw glittering splinters from The Baron's plastic screen, then slice away into empty air. A row of jagged holes marched briefly across his own left wing-root. Then they were both banking, fighting the blackout of senses wrought by the terrible centrifugal force of their turns, whirling back for a second contact.

"It'll be a fight," Red gritted between set teeth, listening to the banshee-wail of air in his own gun-muzzles, now that their protecting fabrics had been blasted away. "I wouldn't bet a plugged nickel on the outcome, either way."

Roaring, clawing for altitude, the two ships whipped back. They were more wary, now. Ready to settle down to the niceties of aerial warfare.

Red gained a few feet of altitude advantage and pounced. The Baron slid away, his tracers knifing a wing-tip, and dared a diving loop to come into position on Red's tail. A moment later Red saw the smoking trail of his enemy's tracers cutting air a few feet to his right. He grimaced, realizing that the advantage had been stolen by the Nazi. He was on the defensive, in a bad position.

To climb or bank would be fatal, for either move would carry him straight into the other's fire. There was one des-

diving and banking. If The Baron dared follow, he would hit the sand before he could recover.

The world spun before Red's eyes. He felt the ship shudder and saw sand spinning away from one wing-tip where it had actually raked the light surface of a dune, so low was the sweep. But he was in the air and around and The Baron, disdaining the risk, was flashing overhead. Red kicked the Thunderbolt up and over and suddenly he was on the Nazi's tail, riding the kill-post with his thumbs tight and the tracers thundering.

HE SAW fragments leap from The Baron's tail and fuselage. Then the wily flier had side-slipped into the clear. Again and again they jockeyed for position, darted at one another, lashed death, then broke apart. Both planes began to look like flying sieves. There was a burning streak turning red on one of Red Skye's pant-legs and he thought that The Baron flew as if hurt or tired. But there was no relenting, no truce with death.

"I'm not winning," Red gasped through clenched teeth. "I'm as good as he is but no better. I'm not winning and I've got to win. I don't count much—but The Baron is not only an ace flier but a dangerous agent as well. He's got to die—here on the desert sand."

They were roaring past one another, scant yards apart, and Red caught a glimpse of the mad, hating face of the Nazi. The sight crystallized his determination. Without a thought, he suddenly left rudder.

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

There was a moment when they stood still, when the two spinning planes seemed to halt mid-air. Then the crash, with a terrible rending, shrieking clamor of a motor shorn of prop, Red Skye's Thunder plowed up and into the side of the Messerschmitt. The two planes rolled over, locked together, flames already licking up from their joined wreckage.

"Got to get out," Red mumbled, dazed by the shock of impact. "Going—down . . ." He fumbled, got the glass hatch back. Then the spinning wings whirled and a giant, invisible hand seemed to lift him out and hurl him into the sky. He clawed at the rip ring of his chute, felt the soul-jarring jerk as the chute opened.

Then suddenly he was floating down through a peaceful sky, down toward the rocks below where two flaming wrecks were burning fiercely. And a hundred yards away, a second chute was rocking gently down as The Baron drifted to earth. Red saw, in a single glance, that their fight had carried them south of the desert, over the jumbled mountains that fringed the sea of sand. They were drifting straight toward the side of a rocky chasm.

"Schwein! Verdammt Amerikaner!" The snarling voice of The Baron carried clearly. "Again you have shot down The Baron—but you shall never live to boast of this new triumph, fool."

THE BARON was hugging what looked like a leather suspended from one . . . But one arm was . . . that hand he held

a Luger pistol. Even as Red saw this, the pistol hid itself in flame and lead whizzed angrily through the shrouds above him.

"I'll kill you," the madman raged, firing wildly.

Red tore at his own holstered automatic and returned the fire as coolly as he could. But neither seemed able to score a hit. The swaying of the chutes spoiled their aim.

Without warning, Red's feet smacked hard on slanting rock and he fell heavily into a nest of jagged boulders. He squirmed around, tore loose from the harness and clung to his perch, sobbing for breath.

He saw that he had fallen in a pocket on the face of the cliff, with a thousand feet of sheer drop below. The Baron was still dropping into that chasm, but as Red watched he saw the black-clad figure light on another platform of rock, a scant fifty feet down.

Calmly Red reloaded his pistol and peered over again. The Baron was huddled into the rocks. He fired instantly and rock-dust spurted in Red's face. Red triggered an answering shot and saw dust spurt a foot from his target.

"Schwein," screamed The Baron. "I will kill you this time."

He was tearing at the mysterious sack, digging into it—and suddenly Red saw one hand reappear, clasping a round, black object. Red's heart did a sudden flip-flop as he recognized the hand grenade.

"Hey, you chump," he barked suddenly. "For pete's sake, don't heave that . . ."

It was as far as he got. The

back, hurled mightily. Red's bulging eyes saw the grenade come arching up, turning lazily over and over. It struck the rim of rock a yard below him, bounded off and started to fall backward.

Red huddled down on the rock and covered his face. Below, the grenade went off with an echoing roar. The rock beneath Red pitched and cracked. Huge chunks split off and thundered downward. Below, the roar of a sliding rock, broken free by the blast against the cliff-face, was like the mutter of Doom.

After a long time, Red crawled to the edge of his slim perch and peered down. Where The Baron had lain, there was only a pile of jagged rock and rubble. Of the mad Nazi himself, there was no trace.

"So that's it," Red muttered. "The end—and not in the air after all."

He got up wearily and commenced to climb the cliff. It was a long, long walk back to his comrades at their desert base. They'd be anxious to know of The Baron's end.

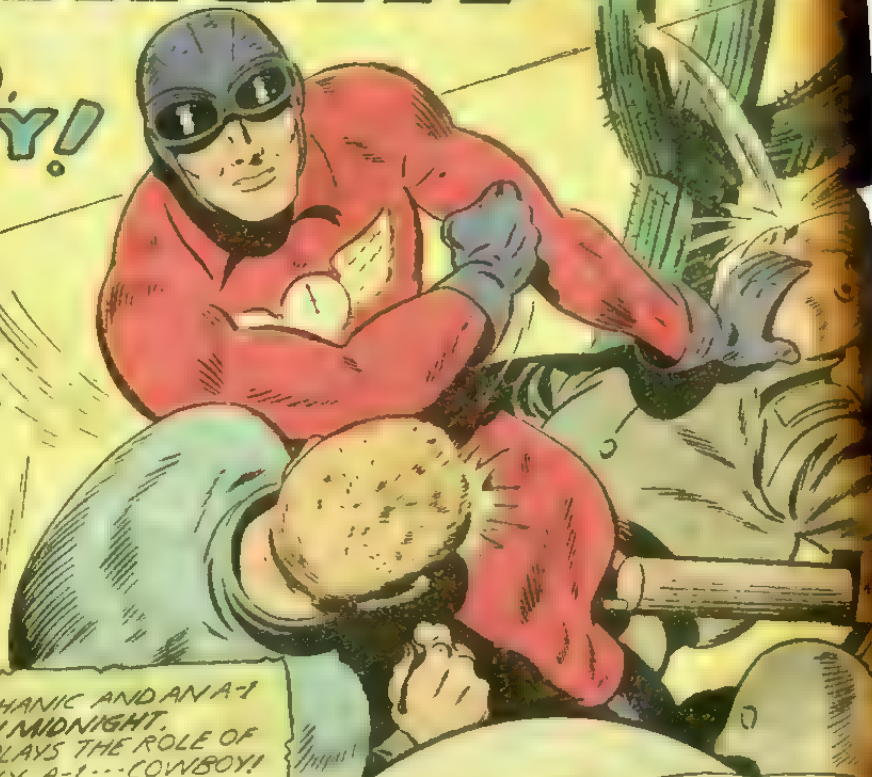
He reached the cliff top and disappeared. A long time after, the heaped rubble below began to quiver and move. Presently a hand showed. More rocks fell away, tumbling noisily into the depths.

It was more than an hour before The Baron could drag himself from the tiny cranny of rock that had shielded him, saving his life. He was wounded, weak, and his crawling passage left a trail of bright blood on the ancient rocks.

But he kept going, kept climbing. For him, too, it was a long way back to base.

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

PRESENTS
ICHABOD MUDD,
COWBOY!



A LREADY AN A-1 MECHANIC AND AN A-1 HELPER FOR CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, ICHABOD MUDD NOW PLAYS THE ROLE OF AN--WELL, NOT EXACTLY A-1...COWBOY! BETWEEN A BAND OF NAZI BADMEN--A RUNAWAY HORSE--AND A GIRL OF THE 'GOLDEN WEST'--ICKY REVIVES THE ROOTIN' TOOTIN' DAYS OF YORE, WHEN SIX-GUN SHOOTERS BLAZED A PATH OF GLORY! BUT ALL IN HIS OWN, INIMITABLE WAY !!!

JED WAYNE,
OWNER OF
THE RANCH,
SPEAKS WITH
HIS DAUGHTER,
MARY

MOST LIKELY,
DAD, IT'LL ALL
BE SHIPPED
OVERSEAS.

NICE HERD, EH, MARY?
THEY BEEF'S ALL BIN
ORDERED BY TH'
GOV'MINT. TA FEED
TH BOYS IN TH'
ARMED SERVICES!

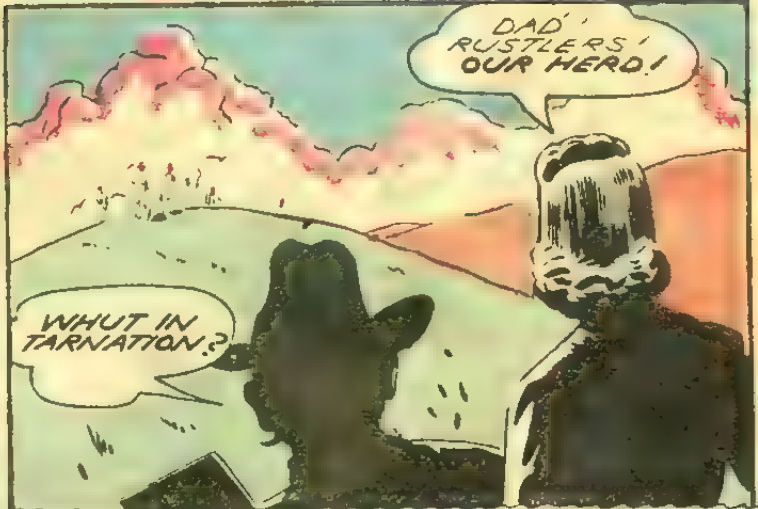
A RANCH IN NEVADA
ROUNDS UP ITS
HERD OF STEERS
FOR MARKET.

AIIII! GIT IN
THAR! YUH
LOP-EARED
CRITTERS!
YIIII!





HOPE DICK GITS
SINK HIS TEETH
IN WHEREVER
HE IS!



DAD!
RUSTLERS!
OUR HERO!

WHUT IN
TARNATION?

BUT AS IN DAYS OF YORE, RUSTLERS SUDDENLY
RIDE UP!

BADMEN OF OLD --
BUT WITH A
VERY STRANGE
ACCENT!

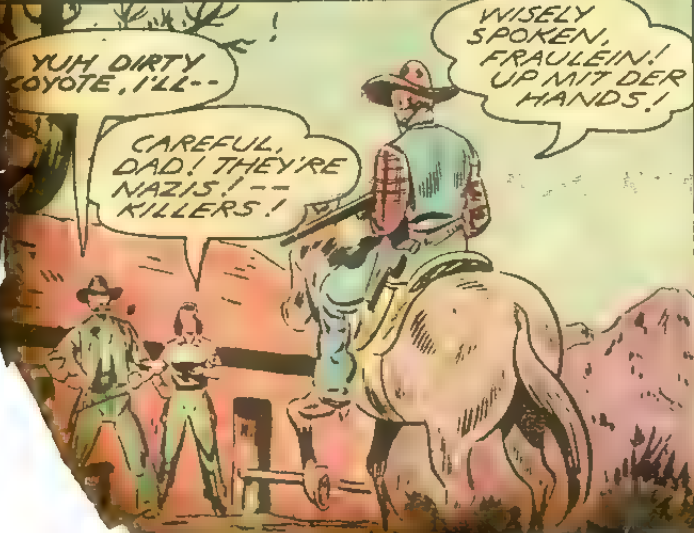
CHASE DER
CATTLE OUT--AND
OVER A CLIFF! DIS
FOOD MUST NEVER
GIFF AMERICAN
SOLDIERS STRENGTH
TO FIGHT!

WHY, YUH
DANGED
VARMINTS,
WE'LL --
AGHH!

SHUT DER
FOOLISH
MOUTH,
AMERICAN
SWINE! HA-HA!



JAWOHL,
VON BLITZ!



YUH DIRTY
COYOTE, I'LL--

CAREFUL,
DAD! THEY'RE
NAZIS! --
KILLERS!

WISELY
SPOKEN,
FRAULEIN!
UP MIT DER
HANDS!

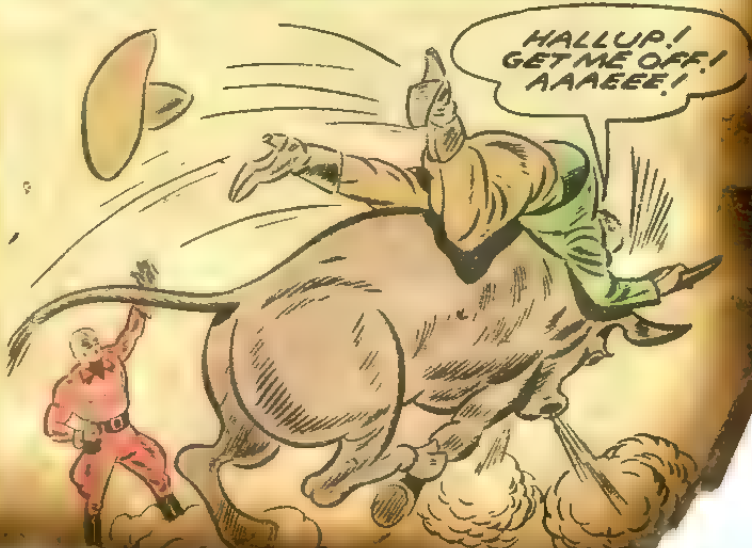
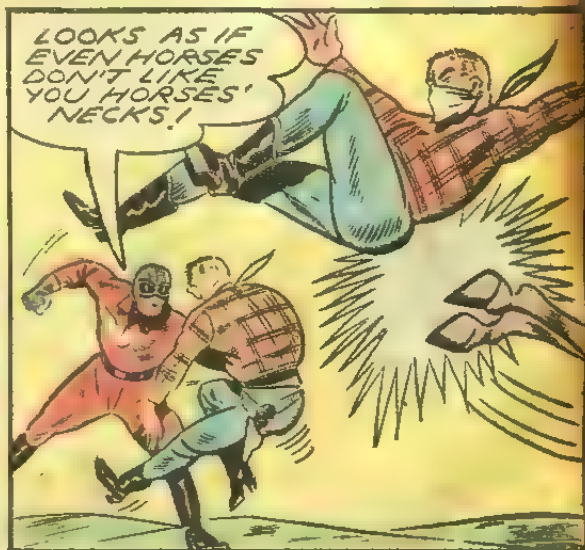
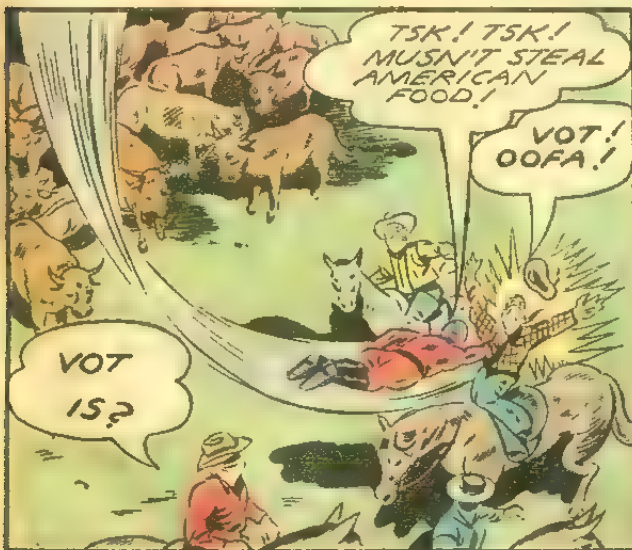
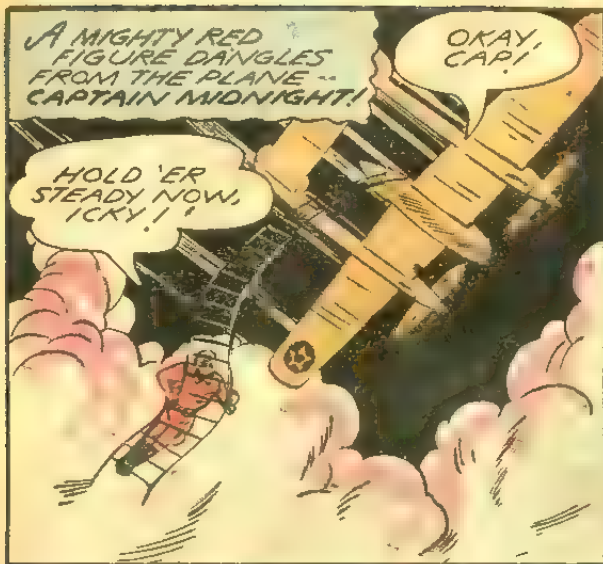


SO FAR, IT MIGHT BE A
SCENE OUT OF THE OLD
WEST! BUT NOW, SUDDENLY,
A NEW AND MODERN NOTE
IS INTRODUCED --

A PLANE!
COMING
THIS WAY!

DRR RONE

VOT DER?
--WHO ISS
IT?



COMPLETELY
MORALIZED BY
THE CYCLONIC
AGENT OF
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT.
THE NAZIS BEAT
A HASTY RETREAT!

EGGSCAPE FROM DOT
RED MANIAC! MAKE
OFF TO DER HILLS! I
VILL COVER DER REAR!

COWARDS!
WHEN IT
COMES TO A
FIGHT, MAN
TO MAN, THEY
WHIMPER
AND SNEAK
OFF!

SHORE WUZ
LUCKY FER US
YUH CAME
ALONG, CAPIN
MIDNIGHT!

NOT JUST LUCK,
WAYNE! I HAD
SECRET IN-
FORMATION
FROM WASHING-
TON THAT VON
BLITZ WAS
OPERATING
OUT HERE TO
SABOTAGE
OUR BEEF
SUPPLY!

TARNATION!
WONDER IF
THEY'LL TRY
AGAIN? I'M
TH' BIGGEST
RANCH-
OWNER IN
THESE
PARTS!

BANDING THE
PLANE, ICHABOD
MUDD, CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT'S
RIGHT-HAND
MAN, JOINS
THE GROUP.

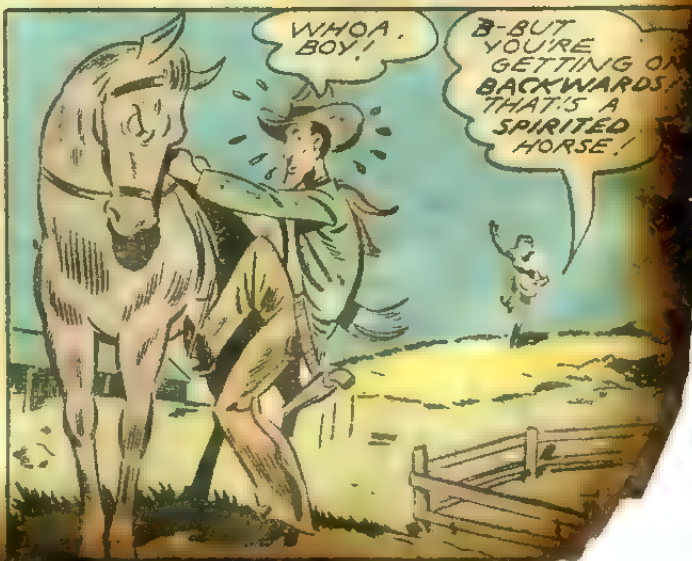
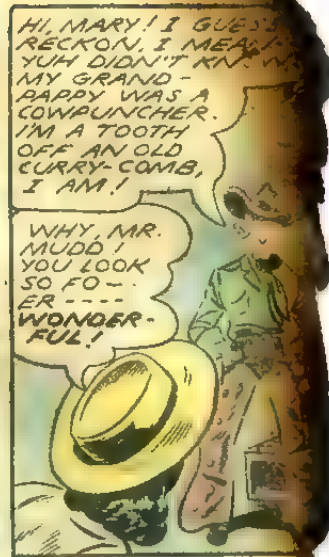
VERY LIKELY
THEY WILL!
FOLKS, THIS IS
ICHABOD MUDD,
MY HELPER. ICKY,
YOU STAY ON
GUARD HERE FOR
THE TIME BEING

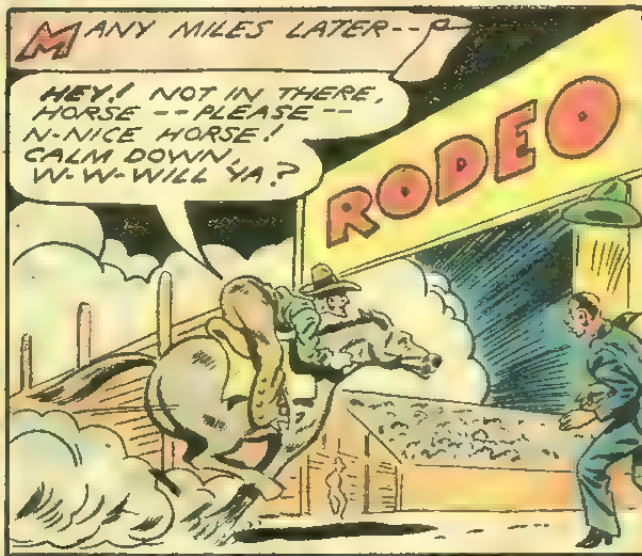
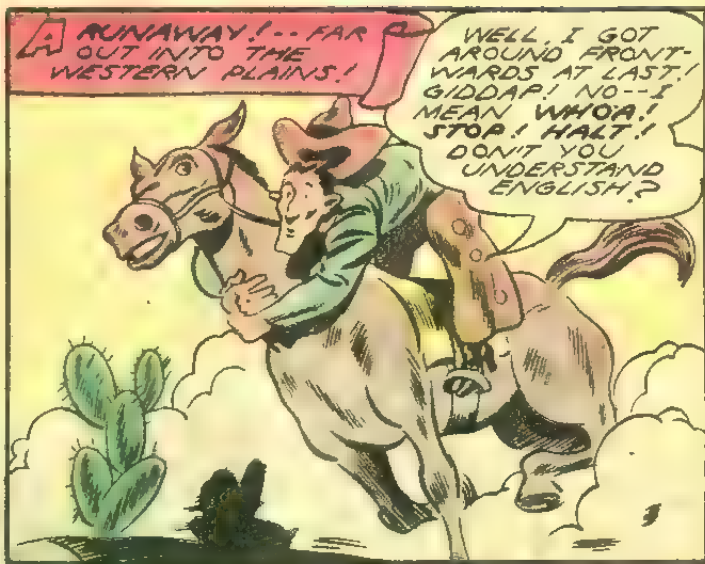
DON'T MIND IF I DO,
CAP! DON'T MIND
IF I DO!

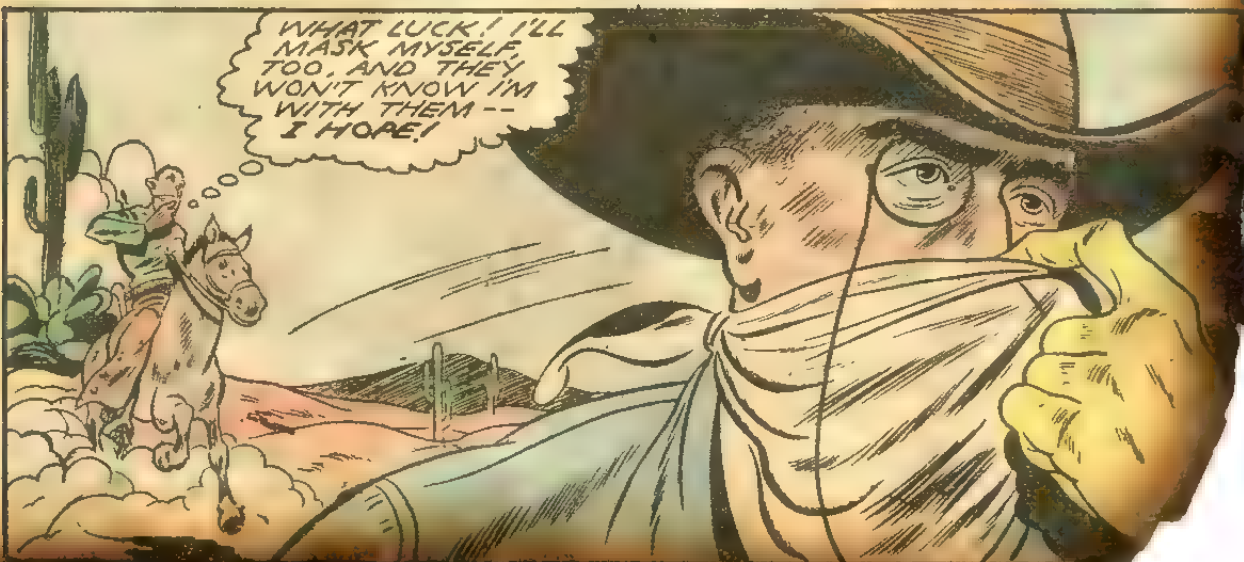
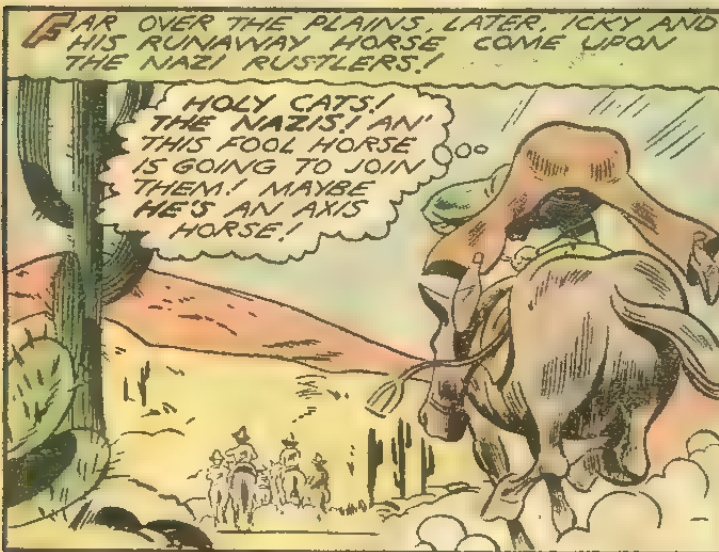
OH, MR MUDD!
YOU HAVE SUCH
A BIG--

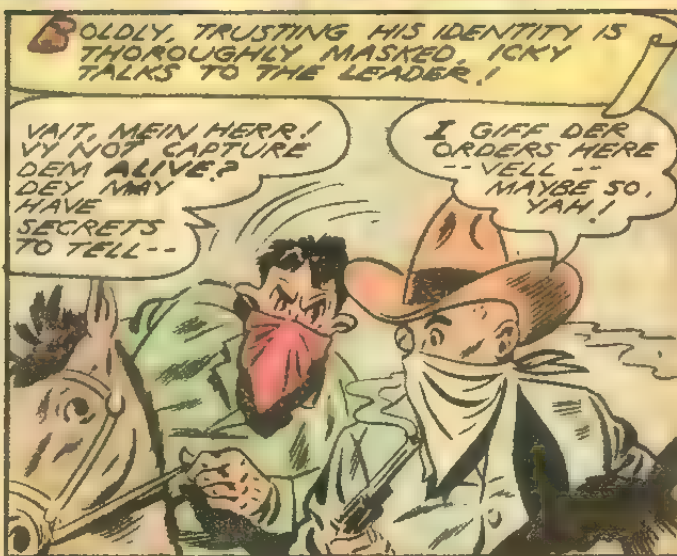
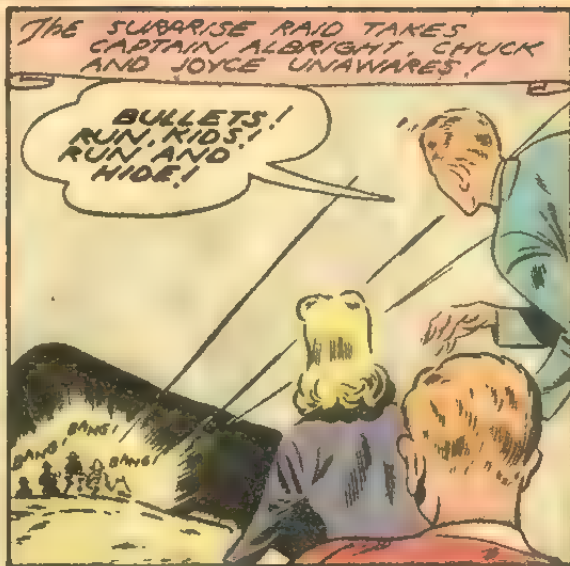
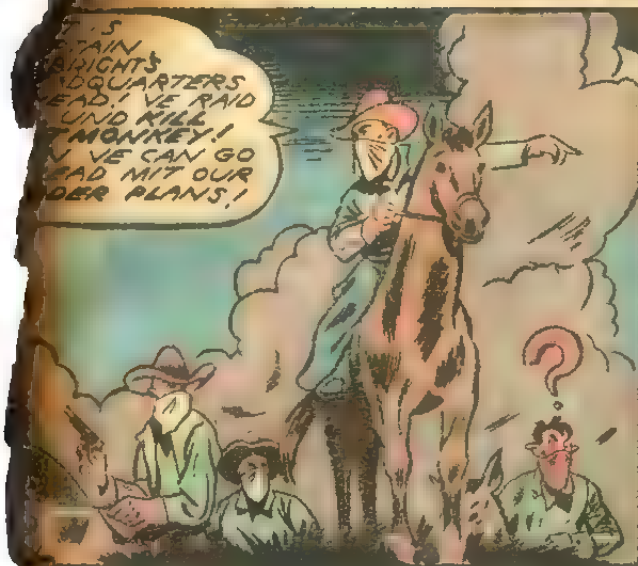
HERE IT COMES
--SUCH A BIG
PAIR OF EARS.
SHE MEANS!
WHY DO THEY
ALWAYS
NOTICE
THAT--?

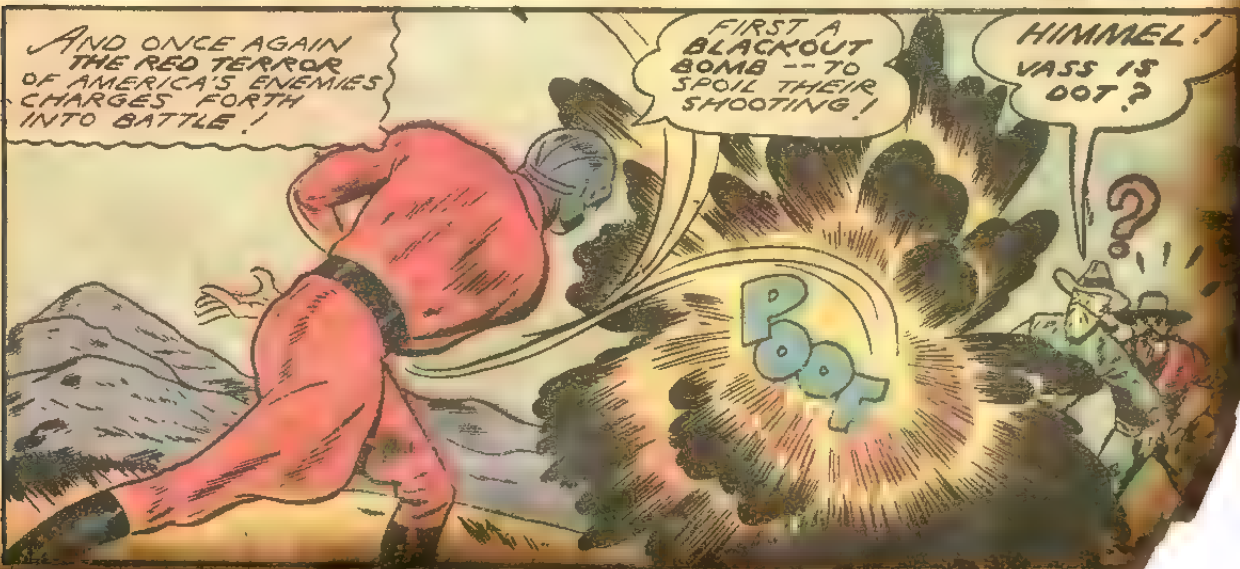
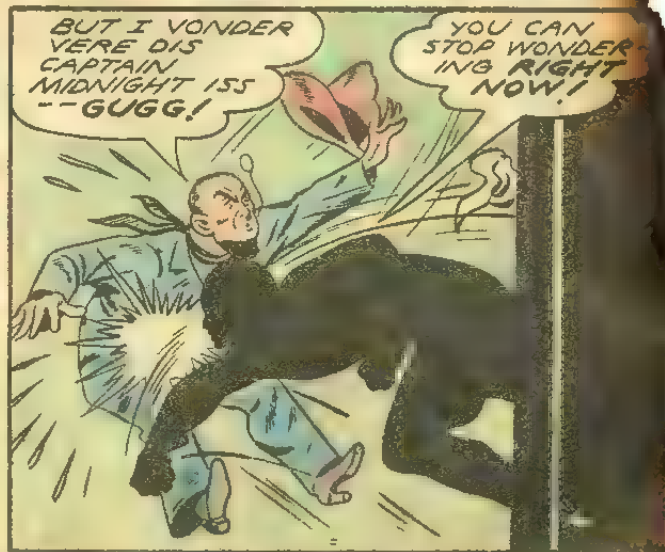
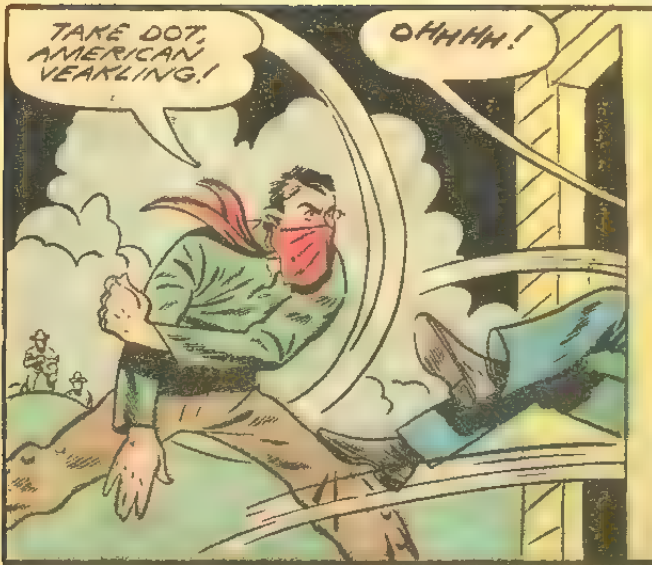
--SUCH
A
BIG
HEART!



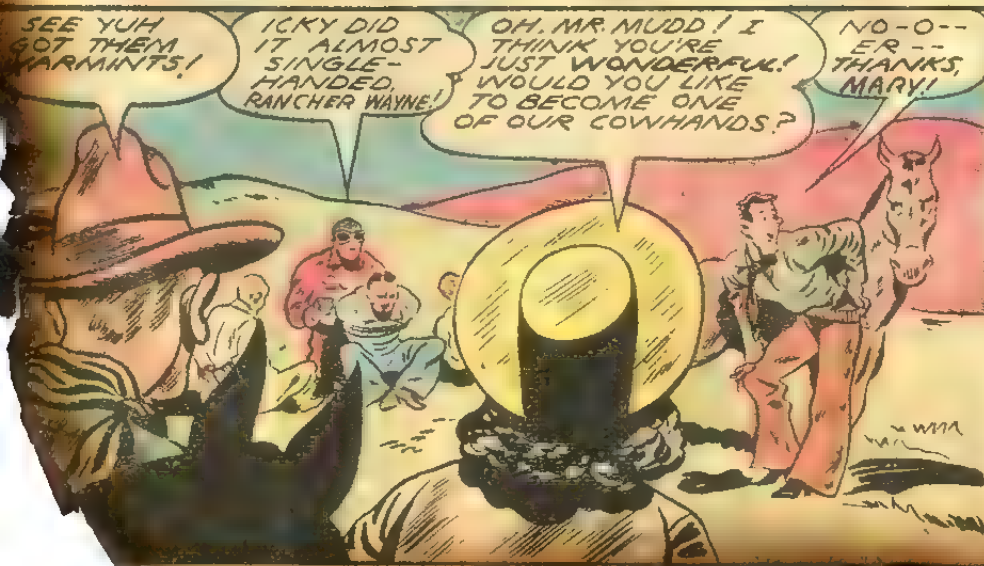
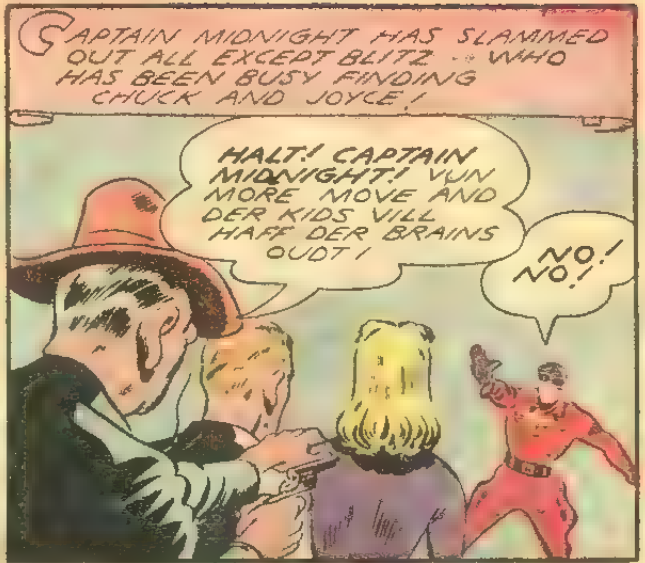








CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



**YOU CAN
HELP THE
FIGHT FOR
AMERICA
TOO!
BUY
WAR
STAMPS
and
BONDS!**



DON'T MISS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT ON THE RADIO!

Hear **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT** every evening,
Monday through Friday, over these Stations

Austin, Texas	KNOW	Oklahoma City, Okla.	KTOX
Bakersfield, Calif.	KERN	Olson, N. Y.	WHDL
Baltimore, Md.	WCBM	Omaha, Neb.	KOWH
Baltimore, Md.	WELL	Philadelphia, Penna.	WFIL
Butte, Mont.	WBCN	Pittsburgh, Penna.	KQY
Beaumont, Texas	KFDM	Plattsburg, N. Y.	WMFF
Boston, Mass.	WHDH	Portland, Ore.	KEX
Bridgeport, Conn.	WNAS	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	WKIP
Buffalo, N. Y.	WBBR	Providence, R. I.	WCI
Burlington, Iowa	KBJR	Pueblo, Colo.	KGHF
Cheyenne, Wyo.	KFBC	Reno, Nev.	KOH
Chicago, Ill.	WENR	Rochester, N. Y.	WHAM
Cincinnati, Ohio	WSAI	Sacramento, Calif.	KFBR
Cleveland, Ohio	WHK	Salt Lake City, Utah	KUTA
Columbia, Mo.	KFRU	San Antonio, Texas	KABC
Davenport, Iowa	WOC	San Diego, Calif.	KFSD
Denver, Colo.	KYOD	Santa Barbara, Calif.	KTMS
Des Moines, Iowa	KSO	San Francisco, Calif.	KGO
Detroit, Mich.	WAJZ	Sarasota, Fla.	WNBZ
El Paso, Texas	WLEU	Seattle, Wash.	KJR
Flint, Mich.	WFDJ	Shenandoah, Iowa	KMA
Fort Wayne, Ind.	WOWO	Spokane, Wash.	KGA
Fort Worth, Texas	KGKO	Springfield, Mass.	WSPR
Fresno, Calif.	KTKC	Stamford, Conn.	WSRR
Hartford, Conn.	WNBC	Stockton, Calif.	KWG
Houston, Texas	KXYZ	St. Joseph, Mo.	KFOK
Indianapolis, Ind.	WISC	St. Louis, Mo.	KXOK
Jackson, Mich.	WJBM	Syracuse, N. Y.	WAGE
Jamestown, N. Y.	WJTN	Taliesin, Ohio	WTOL
Kansas City, Mo.	KCMO	Tracy (and Albany), N. Y.	WTRY
Lansing, Mich.	WJLR	Tulsa, Okla.	KOME
Los Angeles, Calif.	KECA	Waco, Texas	WACO
Louisville, Ky.	WINN	Washington, D. C.	WMAL
Manchester, N. H.	WMUR	Waterloo, Iowa	KXEL
Minneapolis, Minn.	WTCN	Wendell, Wash.	KFO
New Haven, Conn.	WEH	Wheeling, W. Va.	WWVA
New York City	WJZ	Wichita, Kans.	KFB
		Winchester, Va.	WINC

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

AND THE
SECRET
OF THE
"AA"!

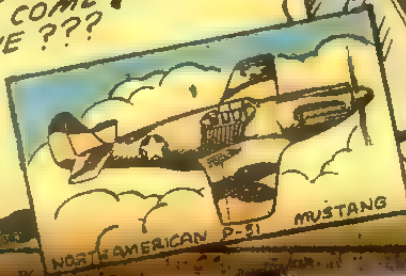


ALGIERS! WHOSE ROOFS HAVE BEEN THE SCENES OF FABULOUS CRIMES FOR CENTURIES! FAMOUS SEAPORT OF NORTH AFRICA, FIRST TO FALL IN AMERICA'S GREAT NEW DRIVE AGAINST THE AXIS! BUT HAS IT FALLEN... COMPLETELY? WHAT LURKS YET IN ITS DARK TWISTED STREETS, ITS DARK CORNERS, ITS FORBIDDEN ARABIAN QUARTER, THE KAZBAH? WHAT SKULKING DEATH STRIKES SILENTLY, MERCILESSLY, TAKING AMERICAN LIVES ONE BY ONE? HOW CAN EVEN MIGHTY CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT INVADE ITS SHUDDERY BYWAYS AND COME OUT ALIVE ???

PLANE SPEEDS FROM AMERICA TO FAR-OFF ALGIERS, CARRYING CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, ACE INVENTOR, ON A TECHNICAL MISSION.

WASHINGTON WANTS ME TO MAKE A RECORD OF DESERT CONDITIONS IN REGARD TO NEW EQUIPMENT

THIS P-51 MADE GOOD TIME!





BOY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE THE AMERICAN FLAG HERE, INSTEAD OF THE SWASTIKA! WE BEAT 'EM TO THE PUNCH THAT TIME!



BUT SUDDENLY CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT SEES BELOW

AGGHHH!

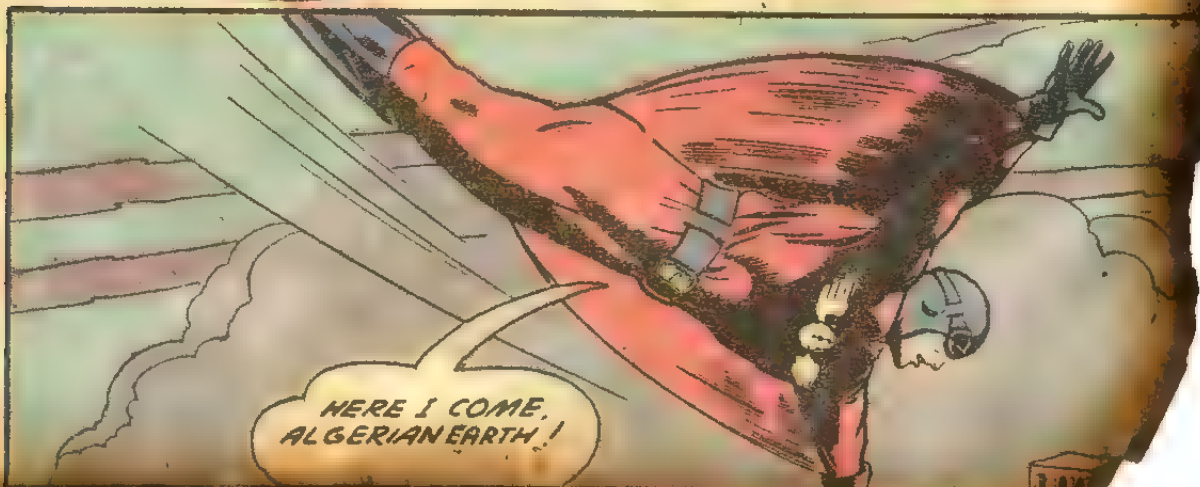


HOLY SMOKE! COLD BLOODED MURDER BY THAT MOOR! TAKE THE CONTROLS, ICKY!



CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT CHANGES IN A FLASH TO THAT MIGHTY AMERICA CHAMPION OF JUSTICE..... CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT !!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! WAIT FOR ME AT THE ALGIERS AIRPORT!



HERE I COME, ALGERIAN EARTH!

WHILE, BELOW.....

HSSST! COME!
AMERICAN SENTRY
IS DEAD!

THE LEADER OF THESE MURDEROUS
MOORS IS HERR HUN, NAZIDOM'S
MOST EFFICIENT ORGANIZER!

AH, GOOT! DER AMERICAN
SWINE THINK DEY HAFF TAKEN
ALGIERS! SOON DEY VILL
THINK DIFFERENT!...

...FOR NOW DER AXIS
ASSASSINS VILL STRIKE!
REMEMBER, MEN... A GOLD
PIECE FOR EVERY THROAT
YOU CUT! ALLAH COMMANDS
IT!

SENTRY! WHAT WAS
THAT NOISE? SENTRY!!

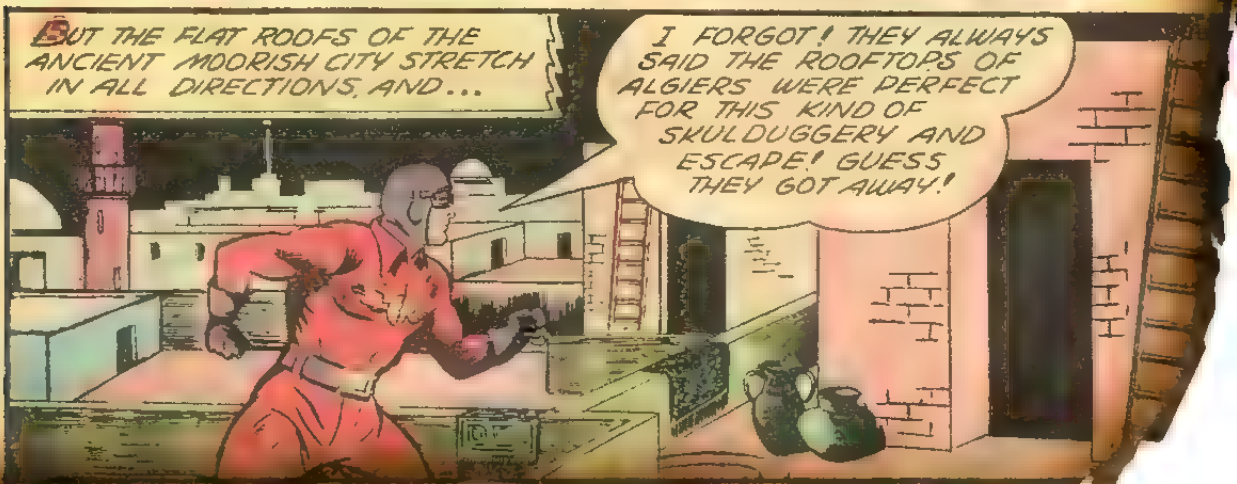
AN
AMERICAN
GENERAL!
KILL
HIM!!

WHA--??

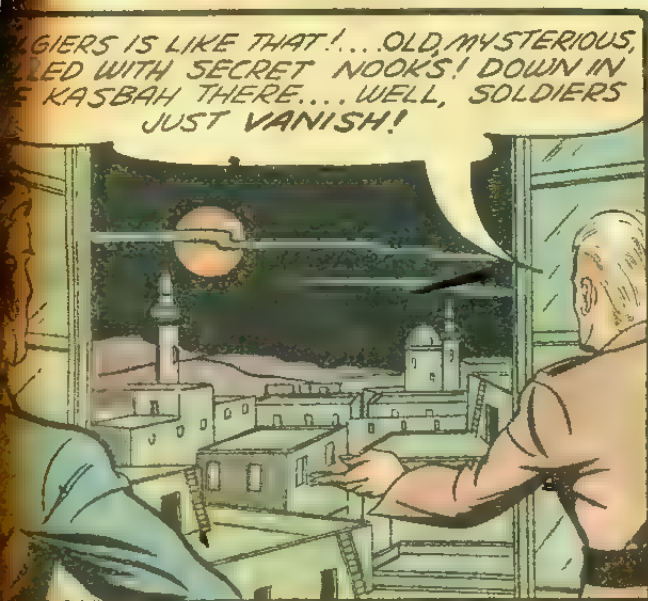
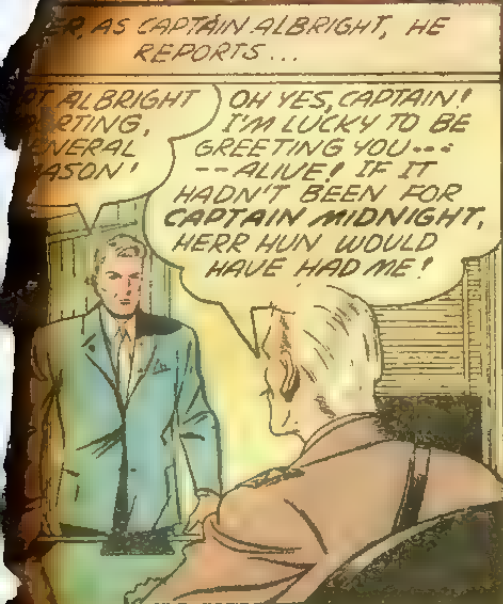
YOU VILL HAFF
TO GO IN DER
NEXT WORLD
TO FIND
YOUR
SENTRY!

A BLACKOUT BOMB STOPS
THEM LONG ENOUGH FOR
ME TO.....

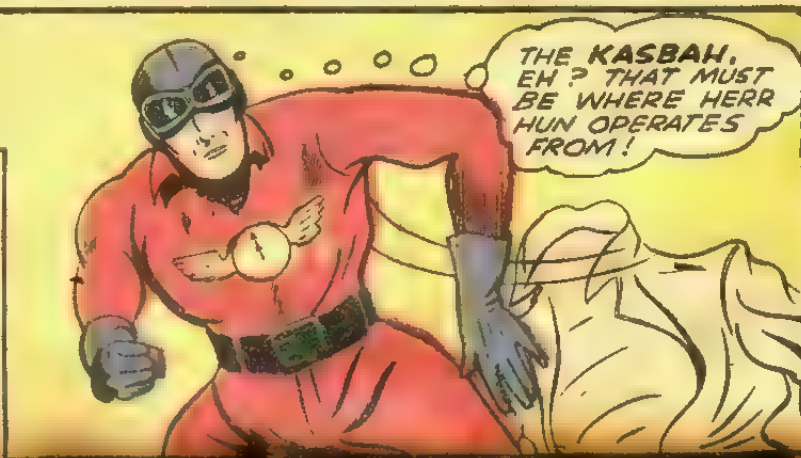
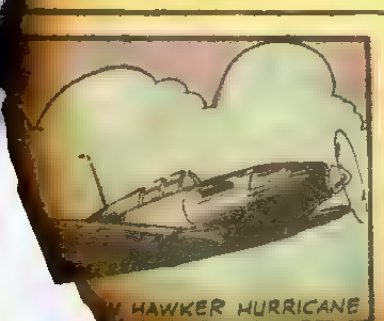
BUT CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT ARRIVES



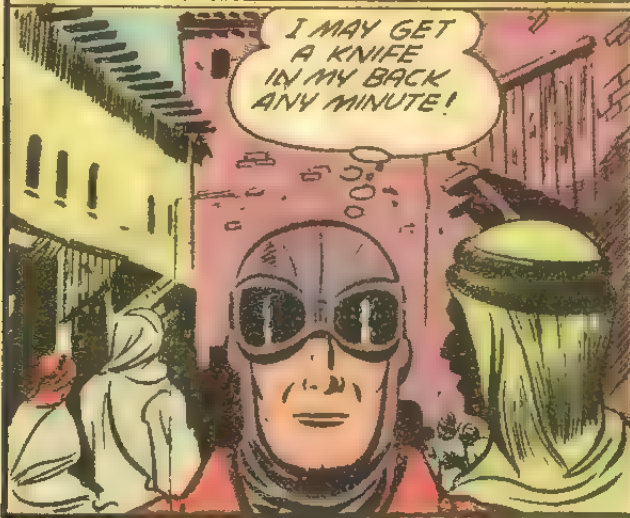
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



OUT OUTSIDE WHILE ALLIED PLANES BOMB THE SKIES A FIGURE OF NIGHT AND POWER COMES INTO BEING!



AND BOLDLY, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
INVADES THE KAZBAH, THE PORTION
OF OLD ALGIERS FILLED WITH AGE-
OLD, UNHOLY EVIL!



I MAY GET
A KNIFE
IN MY BACK
ANY MINUTE!

BUT ON THE OTHER HAND
THEY MAY JUST CAPTURE
ME! I HOPE SO... THEN
I'LL GET TO THEIR LEADER!



IF I MAKE MYSELF
CONSPICUOUS ENOUGH,
SOONER OR LATER
THEY'LL BE AFTER ME!

A PRICELESS
VASE,
EFFENDI?
...FOR ONLY
A DOLLAR!



AHA! MY
RAT-TRAP
WORKED!

NO! DER EFFENDI
VILL TAKE A
SCIMITAR ACROSS
HIS THROAT-- IF
HE MOVES!



VOT A PRIZE-- DER CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT! DO NOT KILL HIM--
CAPTURE HIM!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO
KNOW! NOW I CAN PUT
UP A FIGHT, AND PRETEND
TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!



YOU HAVEN'T
GOT ME YET,
HERR HUN!

BONK!

PIG! I VILL
SUBDUE YOU
MYSELF!

A MERE LOVE-
PAT, MY BOY!
BUT I'LL PRETEND
IT DID WORK!

ACH! SOMETIMES
I DON'T KNOW MY
QWIN STRENGTH!
BRING HIM
ALONG!

NOW
THEY'LL
TAKE ME
TO THEIR
HIDE-OUT!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS FLUNG ACROSS
A CAMEL'S BACK!

WE TAKE HIM
TO DER DESERT
CAMP!

DESERT CAMP? HMMM!...
NOW IT BEGINS TO
MAKE SENSE!

IN THE WASTES OF ALGIERS, AN OASIS!...

TO DER GREAT IDOL
MIT DER AMERICAN
DOG!!



GOOD GRAVY!
IT'S THE
FACE OF- OF-

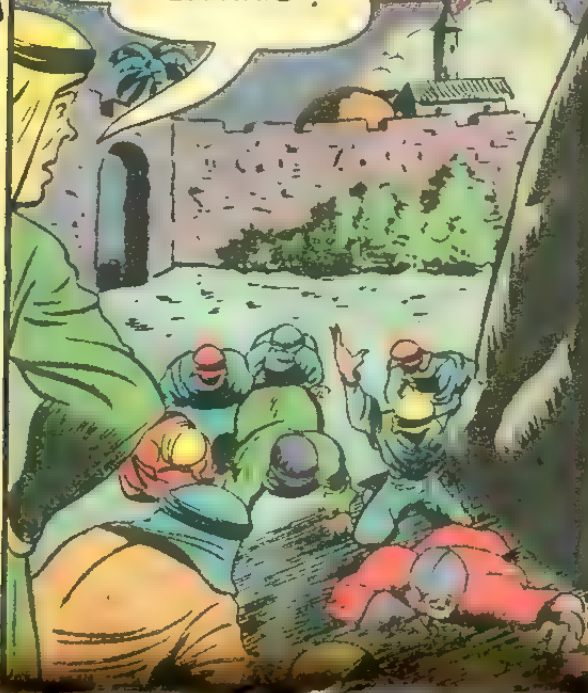


JA! CHUST
BETWEEN YOU
UND ME, DESE
SUPERSTITIOUS
NATIVES THINK
IT VASS ALWAYS
HERE! I
CHANGED IT
FROM DER
ORIGINAL, HA
HA, HA!

HITLER!

AND NOT KNOWING OF THE IDOL'S
FALSITY, THE TRIBESMEN GATHERED
BY HERR HUN BOW DOWN IN WORSHIP!

LOOK, MY FRIENDS! HERE ISS
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, AMERICA'S
GREATEST FIGHTER! YET IN VUN
WRATHFUL BREATH, DER GREAT
IDOL VILL DESTROY HIM! UND
DOT VILL BE DER SIGN DOT
ALLAH IS ON DER SIDE OF
DER AXIS!



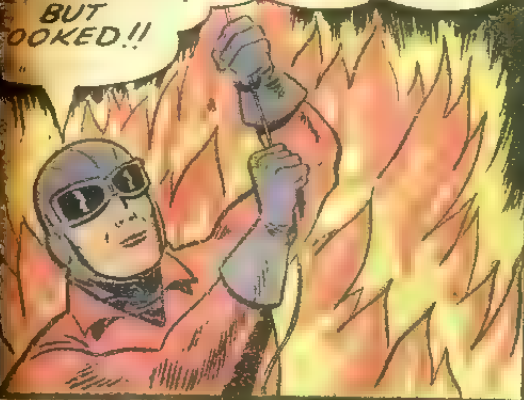
SEE?
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT
DIES!

FOR THE
LUVVA--!!??
SMOKE AND
FLAMES!

ALLAH
HAS
SPOKEN
ALLAH!
ALLAH!

DESPERATELY, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
TIES THE PLASTIC-WIRE OF HIS BELT!

IF I DON'T HOOK ON SOMETHING
SOON IN ABOUT ONE SECOND---
I'M COOKED!
BUT
COOKED!!



AH! IT
CAUGHT!



AND NOW TO PULL
AN "INDIAN ROPE
TRICK" ON THEM!



SAFE FOR THE MOMENT!
THEY DON'T KNOW I
SAVED MYSELF! NOW
TO SEE WHAT
HAPPENS NEXT!

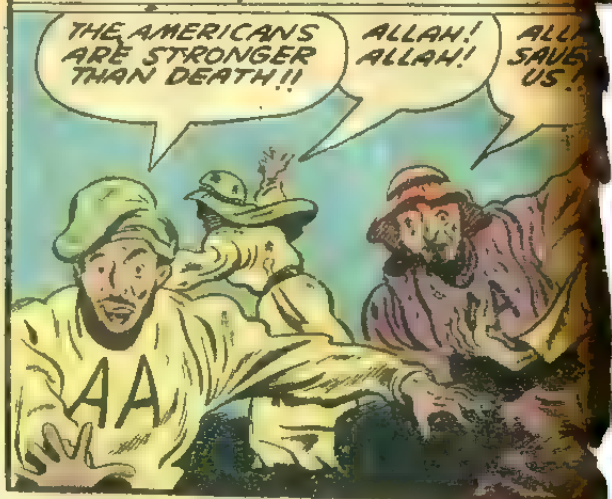


SEE? DER GREAT IDOL
HASS GIVEN SIGN! CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT ISS DESTROYED!

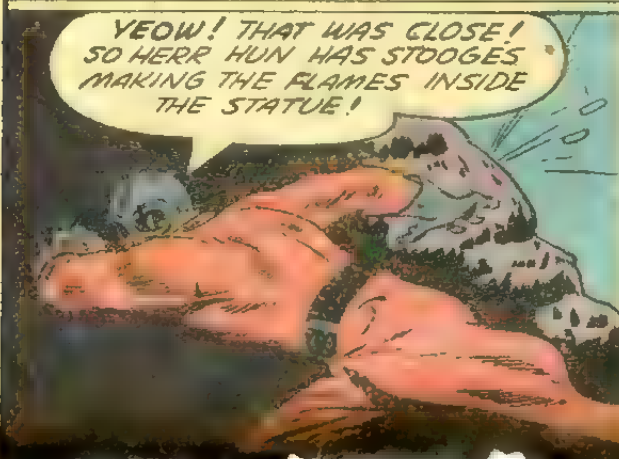
ALLAH!



NO IMPRESSED BY THE "RETURN OF THE MIGHTY AMERICAN FROM DEATH, THE NATIVES FLEE IN UTTER TERROR!



BUT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DUCKS BEHIND A STONE, SCARCELY IN TIME!



MEANWHILE, HERR HUN DARTS TO SAFETY!

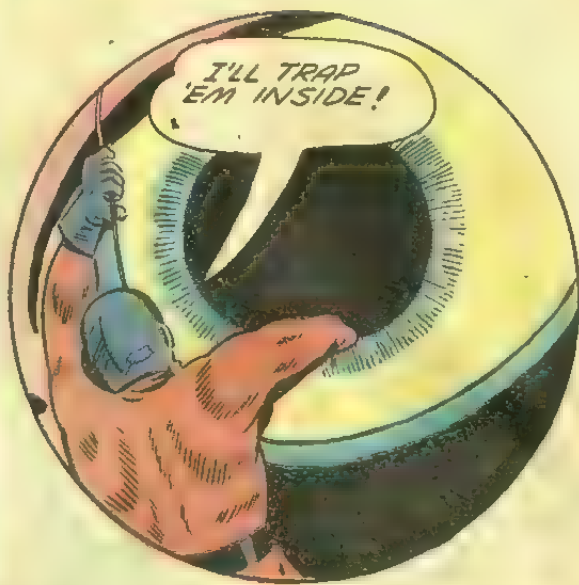
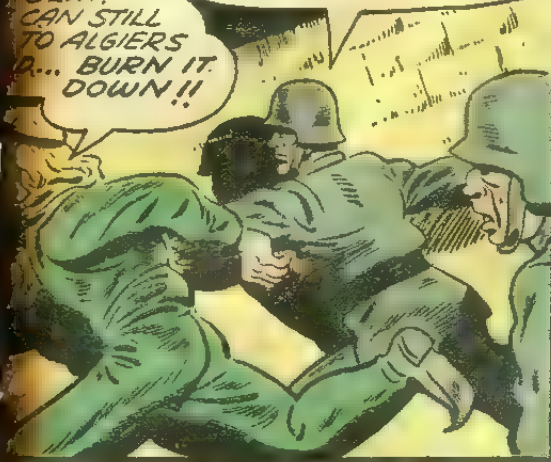


CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

LEAVING THE DOOR, THE NAZIS HEAD
IN A LONG TUNNEL!

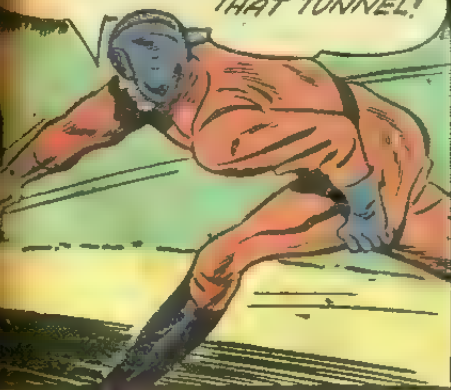
HAS HE SPOILED ALL
DER PLANS, HERR HUN?

NOT ALL
DEM!
I CAN STILL
GO TO ALGIERS
... BURN IT
DOWN!!



I'LL TRAP
'EM INSIDE!

WHAT TH...? THEY'RE
NOT HERE! THEY MUST
HAVE SCOOTED DOWN
THAT TUNNEL!

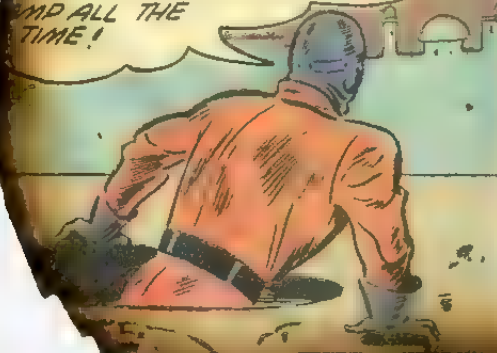


IF I'M NOT
MISTAKEN,
THIS TUNNEL
LEADS RIGHT
TO ALGIERS!



AT THE OTHER END, LATER.....

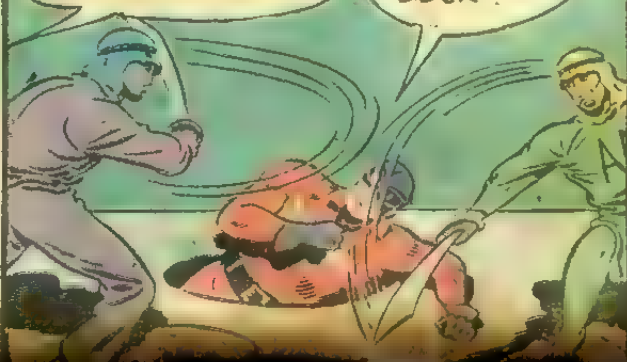
THE KAZBAH! SO THAT'S WHY
HERR HUN COULD NEVER BE
CATCHED! HIS HEADQUARTERS
WERE AT THE DESERT
TEMPLE ALL THE
TIME!

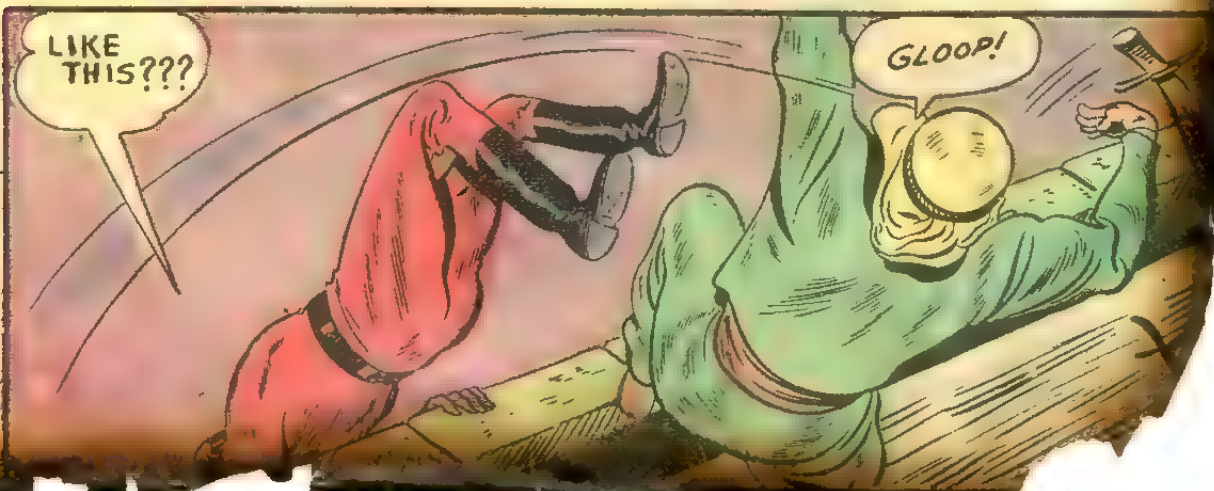


BUT DEATH LURKS BEHIND FOR CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT!

ALLAH COMMANDS
YOUR DEATH!

DOES ALLAH
MIND IF I
DUCK?





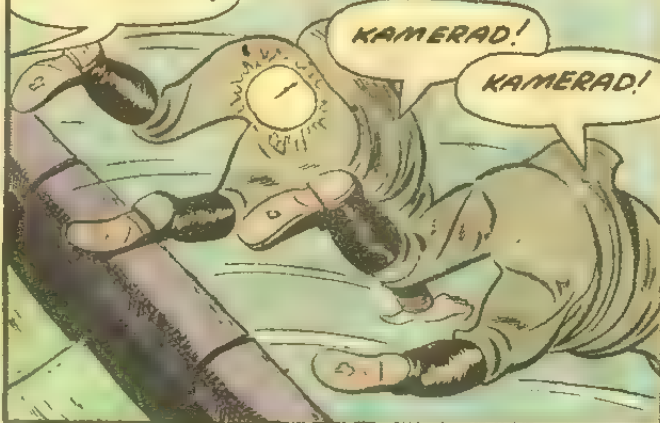
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

AND AS FOR YOU
TWO BOYS, THE
TIME NOW IS....



THE DOOM BEAM TORCH SENDS ITS FIERY
SYMBOL TOWARD THE REMAINING NAZIS...

...MIDNIGHT!



LATER, AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS...

CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT
REPORTING,
GENERAL! HERE'S
YOUR MAN!

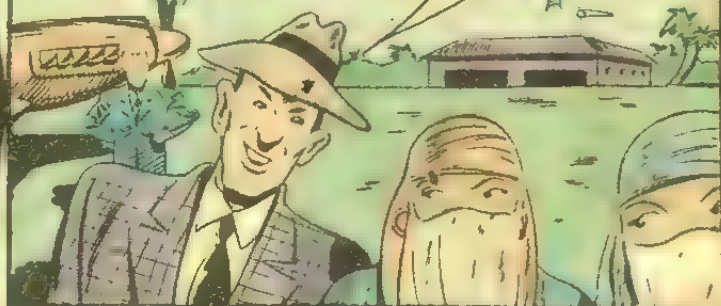
AMAZING! THANKS
TO YOU, CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT,
ALGIERS IS FULLY
IN AMERICAN
HANDS NOW!



THEN HE GOES TO HUNT UP ICKY!

HEY, ICKY!
REMEMBER
ME?

HUH? OH, YEAH,
CAP! UH, JUST A
MINUTE.. JUST A...
AH... MINUTE!



SAVE RUBBER AND TIRE THE AXIS !!!!!

DON'T MISS

HOPALONG CASSIDY

THE WEST'S

RIP-ROARINGEST COWBOY—

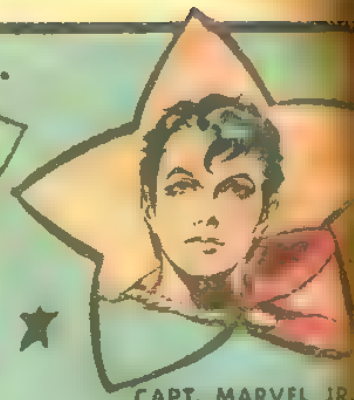
NOW IN HIS OWN COMICS MAGAZINE!
ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOW



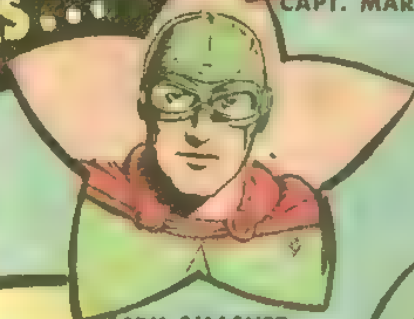
**THE STARS
OF THE COMICS
CAN BANG
THE
AXIS...**



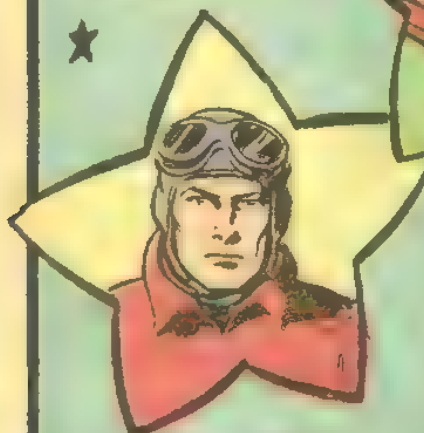
CAPT. MARVEL



CAPT. MARVEL JR.



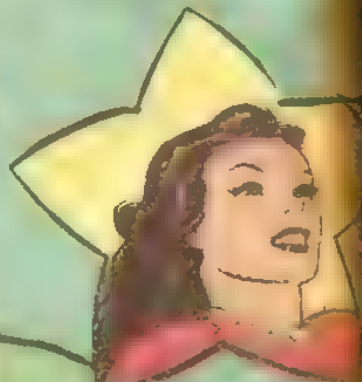
SPY SMASHER



CAPT. MIDNIGHT



BULLETMAN



MARY MARVEL

**AND SO
CAN YOU!**

**LET'S STAMP OUT THE
AXIS! BUY ALL THE
WAR STAMPS AND
BONDS YOU CAN!**

FOR VICTORY



**BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS**

LITTLE SNEEZER

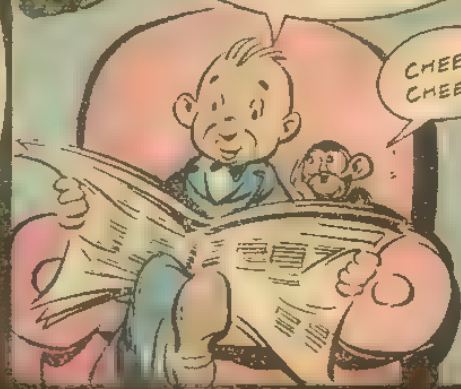
SOME
TOOTING
ZOOT-
SUITING

?!

SEE EUSTACE
THE GOVERNMENT
HAS FORBADE ZOOT
SUITS THAT MEANS THE
MATERIAL THAT WILL BE
SAVED IN MAKING THESE
SUITS WILL MAKE
OTHER THINGS FOR
THE SOLDERS

CHEEP
CHEEP

ARE YOU A
SHARPIE? DO
YOU LIKE ZOOT SUITS?
HAVE YOU CUFFS ON
YOUR NEW PANTS..... WELL,
IF YOU HAVE YOU'RE NOT
VERY PATRIOTIC AS ZOOT
SUITS, CUFFS AND THE LIKE
ARE OUT FOR THE DURATION.
READ THE AMAZING STORY
OF LITTLE SNEEZER AND
HIS ADVENTURES WITH
REET PLEAT PETE, WHO
BOOTLEGGED ZOOT
SUITS!!



THERE'S A LOT OF EXTRA MATERIAL IN A ZOOT SUIT THAT THEY CAN SAVE, EVEN BY NOT HAVING CUFFS ON THE TROUSERS. I'M GONNA G-GET AN-N-NEW SUIT BUT IT'LL B-BE A V-VICTORY S-SUIT— YOU STAY HERE TILL I C-COME B-BACK IN MY NEW S-SUIT AND I'LL S-SURPRISE YOU!!!

G-G'BYE!

CHEEP
CHEEP

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS.

PETES
KLASSY KUT KLOTHIN
FOR KUTE KIDS

T-T-HAT'S
FOR
M-ME

AND WHAT CAN
I DO FOR YOU
MY LITTLE
MAN?

I'M
INTERE-
ED IN A
S-SUIT.

SOMETHING
SNAPPY
NO
DOUBT?

N-NO I HAVE A
SPRING SUIT!
I N-NEED
SOMETHING
MORE FOR
ALL YEAR
ROUND

HOW'D YOU
SHOULD LIKE A
ZOOT SUIT, WITH
A DRAPE THAT
OUT-DRAPE
ALL OTHER
DRAPE

B-BUT SIR
T-T-HAT SUT
VERY PATRIOT C
Z-ZOOT S-SUITS
OUT FOR THE
DURATION

"SNAPPY" "SPRING SUIT,"...
GET IT? FUNNY? NO! OKAY SKIP IT.

HAW! BOO— AND TIDDLE-DE-WAKS
YOU'RE TOO SNAZZY A TYPE TO BE
WEARING A VICTORY SUIT. YOU'RE A
ZOOT SUIT KID IF I EVER
SAW ONE

SHUSH! COME
TO MY SECRET
DEPARTMENT AND
I'LL S-O-W YOU
SOME ZOOT
SUITING THAT'LL
SEND YOU AWAY
TOOTING!

RIGHT
THROUGH
THE
PHONE

B-BUT I-I
D-DON'T WANT TO
TELEPHONE

8
WHY THIS GUY
A ZOOT SUT BOO
LEGGER THINK
PLAY ALONG TO
T-A-GOODS ON HIM
WELL LOOK AT
A SECRET ROOM
THE OTHER SIDE
THE PHONE BOOTH

"THE GOODS ON HIM" CLEVER HUM?
THE GOODS ON A TAILOR... HAW, HAW

IT'S JUST THE
I NEED TRY
FOR SIGHTS!
YOU'LL SAY...
"AH!"

TAKES
AWAY
AM AH
AND
A-AH...

*A ROUGH
WOOLEN FABRIC



G-GEE MR PETS
I'M SORRY B-BUT
I'M ALLERGIC TO
TW-TWEED..
IT MAKES ME
S-SNEEZE

I DON'T
MEAN AN AH!..
LIKE THAT.

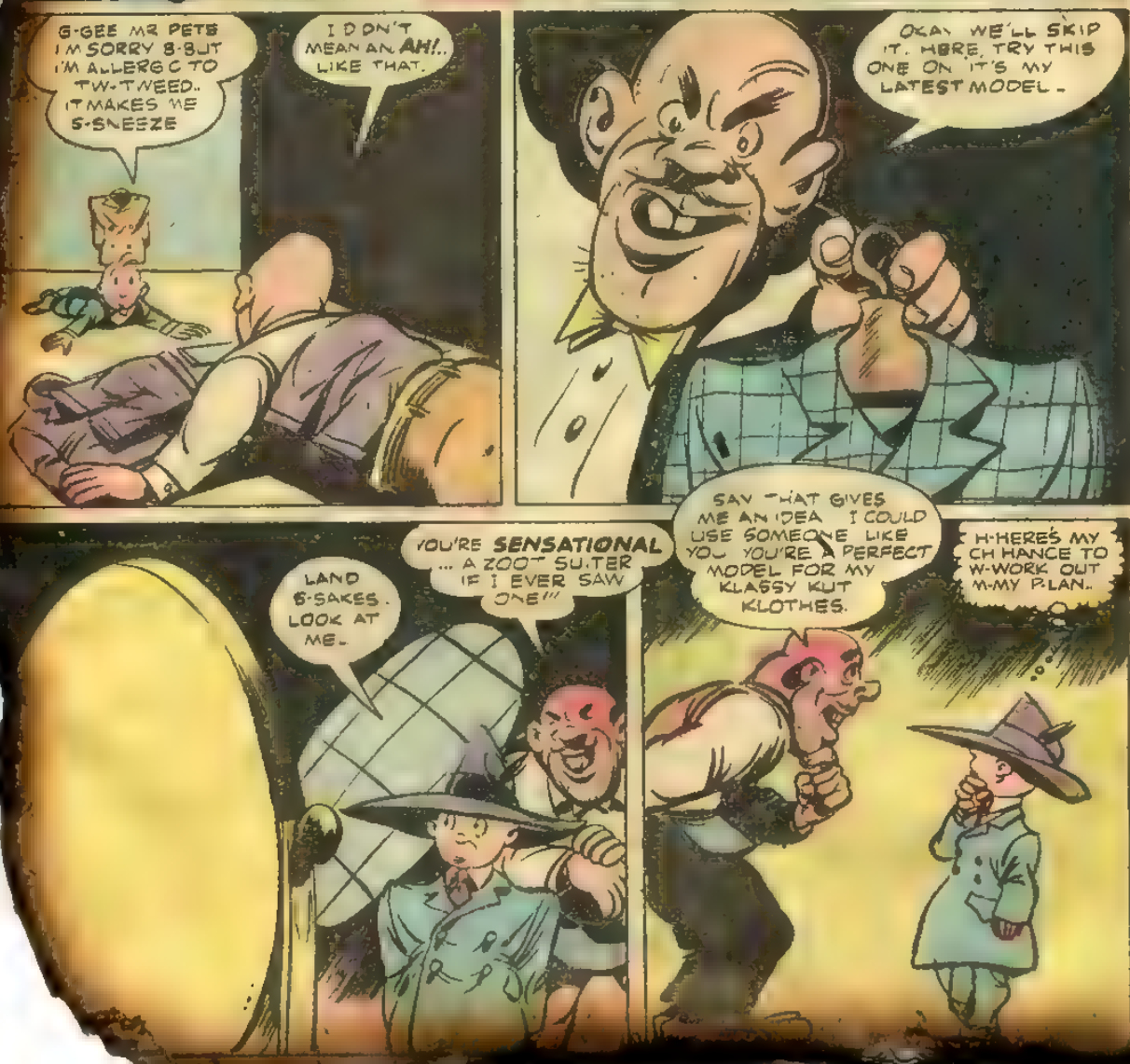
O-KAY WE'LL SKIP
IT. HERE, TRY THIS
ONE ON IT'S MY
LATEST MODEL..

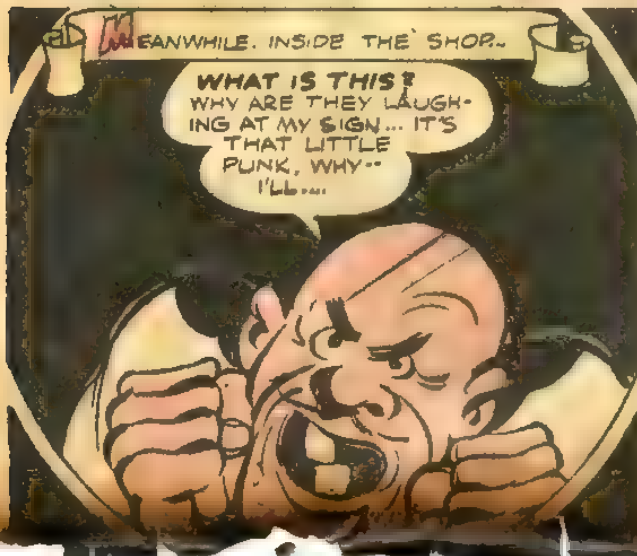
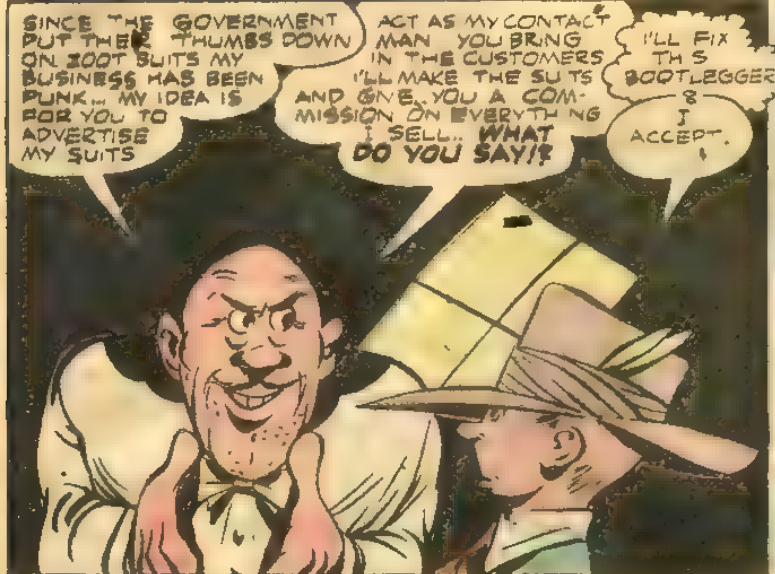
SAV-THAT GIVES
ME AN IDEA I COULD
USE SOMEONE LIKE
YOU YOU'RE A PERFECT
MODEL FOR MY
KLASSY KUT
KLOTHES.

H-HERE'S MY
CH-HANCE TO
W-WORK OUT
M-MY PLAN.

LAND
S-SAKES.
LOOK AT
ME..

YOU'RE SENSATIONAL
... A ZOOT SUITER
IF I EVER SAW
ONE!!





C'MERE,
YOU!

WAKE PETE A
LAUGHING STOCK.
HEY!... TAKE THAT!

M-ME?

THAT, PETE.... HE'S A NASTY SEW AND
SEW .. ISN'T HE?

G-GEE, YOU
ALMOST
KNOCKED ME
OUT!

ALMOST?
GRRRR!
I'LL SHOW
YOU

MY WRATH IS
AROUSING... I'LL
KILL YOUSE..

THAT'S NOT
FAIR THEN
I WON'T BE
ABLE TO
APPEAR
IN CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT
COMICS

WE ALWAYS THOUGHT A "WRATH" WAS A
FLOAT OF LOGS THAT PEOPLE SAVED
THEMSELVES ON WHEN A BOAT SANK... OOPS!!!
SORRY, THAT'S A RAFT, ISN'T IT?... OH!.. (TCHITCH!)

PETE IS SO ANGRY HE THROWS EVERYTHING HE
LAYS HIS HANDS ON AT SNEEZER...

IT'S YOUR OWN
FAULT... YOU'RE VERY
UNPATIENT!

S...ODDLY, SNEEZER IS HIT, SMACK
ON THE BEEZER... WITH...

SNIFFE SNIFFE... SAY IT'S
THAT T-TWEED S-SUIT AGAIN.
I, AH I, AH T-TOLD YOU I'M ALLERGIC
T-TO T-TWEED... AH-AH-AH...

SWISH

YOU SHOULD KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SNEEZER IS ALLERGIC TO ANYTHING — WELL SIR, HE JUST SNEEZED THE SNEEZINGEST SNEEZE HE EVER SNEEZED... AND...

AH-CHOOO!



OH, CAN IT BE THE BREEZE THAT FILLS THE AIR WITH MAGIC LIKE FLYING? OH, NO, IT ISN'T THE MUSIC, IT'S PETE'S-ZOOT SUITS... ♪♪♪

MEANWHILE — DOWN THE BLOCK...

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE? SOUNDED LIKE AN EXPLOSION!

LET'S GO! WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!!!

WE'LL BLOW ME DOWN... LOOK AT THE ZOOT SUITS!

LOOKS LIKE A BOOTLEG ZOOT SUIT JOINT!!

AND THESE GUYS MUST BE THE ONES THAT RUN THE JOINT. LET'S TAKE 'EM IN.



LATER AT THE POLICE STATION...

AND YOU SAY YOU ARE THE ONE THAT CAUSED PETE'S APPREHENSION!!!

YESSIR!... I CANNOT T-TELL A LIE! ... I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE SNEEZE!!

STYLE FLASH SING SING! WHAT THE WELL DRESSED 'UN-AMERICAN IS WEARING THIS SEASON...

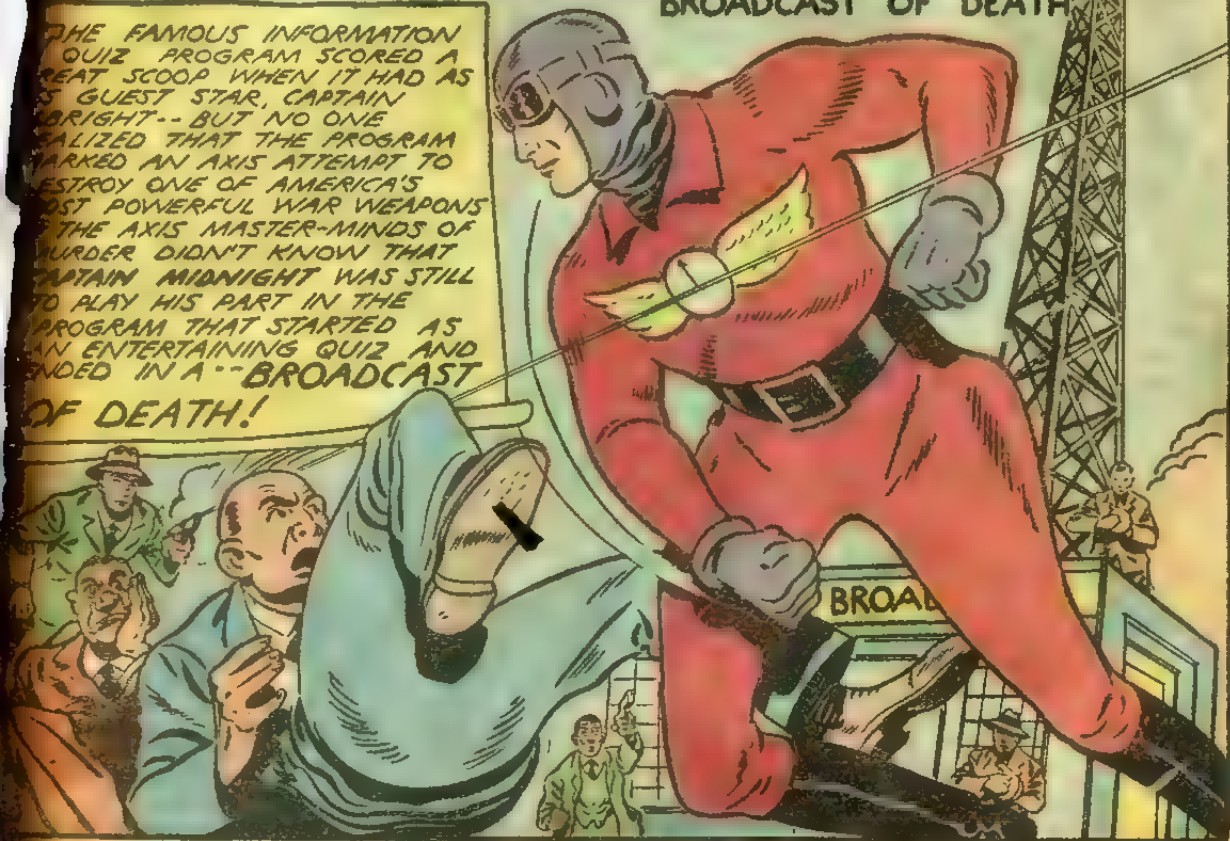


BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS AND FIGHT THOSE AXIS TRAMPS

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

and the
* BROADCAST OF DEATH

THE FAMOUS INFORMATION QUIZ PROGRAM SCORED A GREAT SCOOP WHEN IT HAD AS ITS GUEST STAR, CAPTAIN BRIGHT-- BUT NO ONE REALIZED THAT THE PROGRAM MARKED AN AXIS ATTEMPT TO DESTROY ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST POWERFUL WAR WEAPONS. THE AXIS MASTER-MINDS OF MURDER DIDN'T KNOW THAT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT WAS STILL TO PLAY HIS PART IN THE PROGRAM THAT STARTED AS AN ENTERTAINING QUIZ AND ENDED IN A "BROADCAST OF DEATH!"



INFORMATION QUIZ IS OVER.....THE WRONGS LEAVE STUDIO A ON THE FIFTH FLOOR OF THE TCB BUILDING.

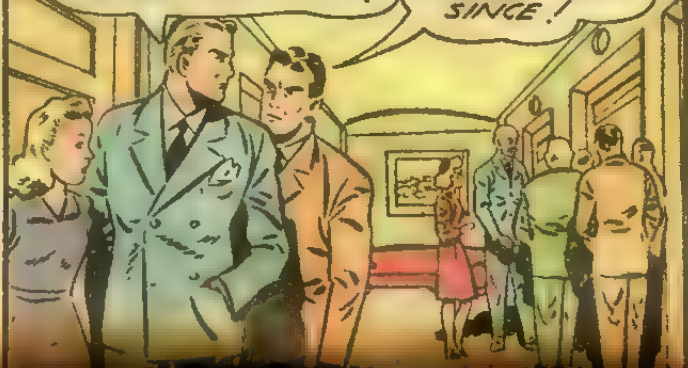
FINE JOB, CAPTAIN BRIGHT. -- I COULDN'T JUMP YOU AT ALL!

IT'S YOUR HANDLING THAT MAKES THE SHOW, MR. PHADMAN. YOU MAKE A FINE MASTER OF CEREMONIES!

DR LANZER WAS EXCELLANT, TOO

DR. LANZER ESCAPED FROM A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP. DIDN'T HE?

YES -- AND HE'S BEEN A HEADACHE TO HITLER EVER SINCE!

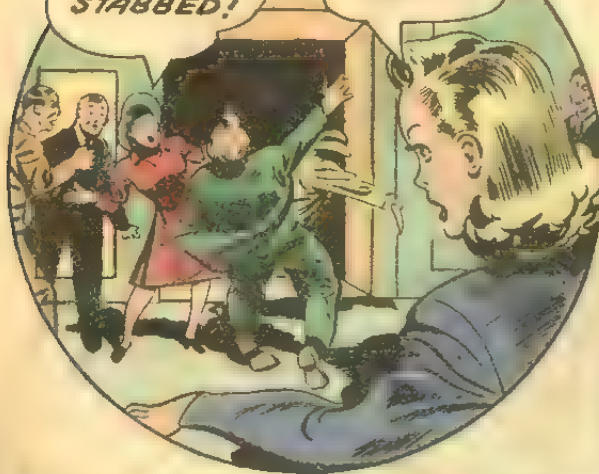


CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

FURTIVE FIGURE WEDGES HIS WAY ALONGSIDE THE DISTINGUISHED ANTI-NAZI REFUGEE.

EEEECK!
HE'S
STABBED!

CAPTAIN, LOOK!
DR. LANZER IS
HURT!



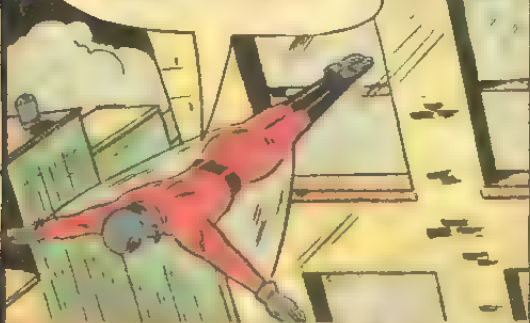
CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT REALIZES THE KILLER WILL CLOSE THE ELEVATOR DOOR BEFORE ANYONE CAN REACH HIM... NO TIME TO WAIT FOR ANOTHER CAR, BUT...

STOP THE
KILLER
SOMEBODY!

STAY WHERE
YOU ARE,
ALL OF YOU!!



I HOPE MY GLIDERCHUTE
IS FAST, AS FAST AS
THE ELEVATOR!



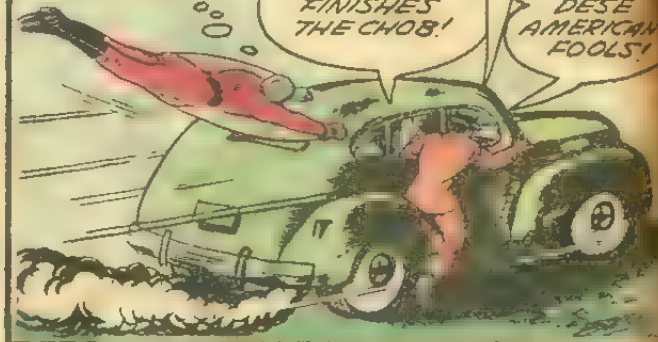
CAPT. ALBRIGHT, AS CAPT. MIDNIGHT,
DIVES OUT THE WINDOW!

WHEW!
ALMOST
MISSED!

I GOT THE TRAITOR.
SPEED IT UP!

NOW THE
TRANSMITTER
FINISHES
THE CHOB!

VE
VILL SHOW
DESE
AMERICAN
FOOLS!



HIMMEL!
SOMEVUN ISS
ON DER CAR!

I FIX
HIM!

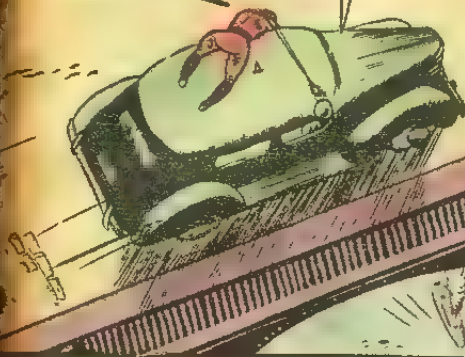
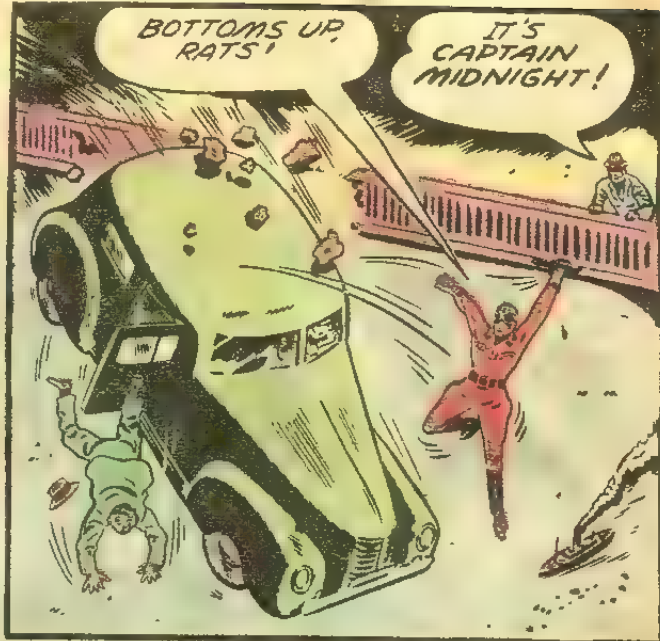
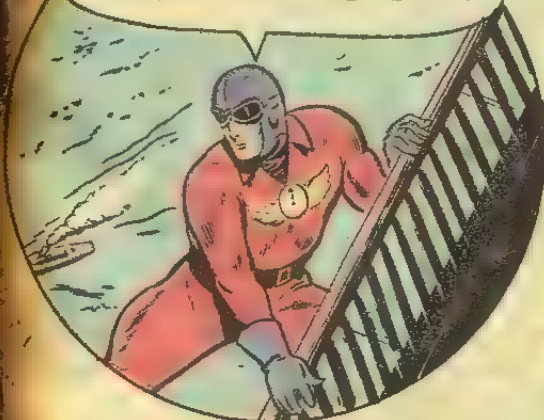
A GUN FOR
DIS CHOB
ISS
BETTER!



THE CAR HURTTLES ONTO A BRIDGE.

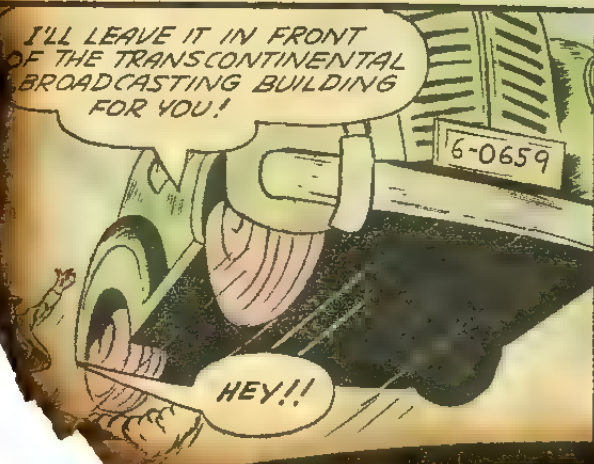
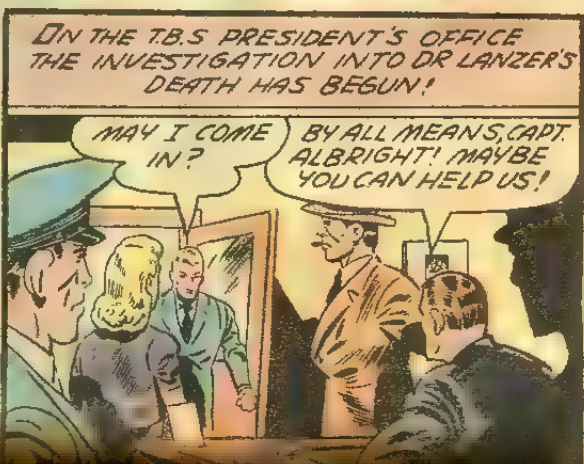
HOW ABOUT
LETTING ME
DRIVE FOR
A WHILE?I GOT
HIM!

BAM!

BOTTOMS UP,
RATS!IT'S
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT!CAN'T STAY TO JOIN
THE BOYS IN THE DRINK!
I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT
WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!I'LL HAVE
TO BORROW
YOUR CAR!HEY! WAIT
A MINUTE!!I'LL LEAVE IT IN FRONT
OF THE TRANSCONTINENTAL
BROADCASTING BUILDING
FOR YOU!

6-0659

HEY!!

IN THE T.B.S. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE
THE INVESTIGATION INTO DR LANZER'S
DEATH HAS BEGUN!MAY I COME
IN?BY ALL MEANS, CAPT.
ALBRIGHT! MAYBE
YOU CAN HELP US!

SO DR LANZER WAS MAKING SHORT WAVE BROADCASTS TO GERMANY!

YES. HE WAS URGING ALL GOOD GERMANS TO REVOLT AGAINST NAZISM. PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE OUR UNDER-GROUND SHORT WAVE STUDIOS

THE INVESTIGATORS LEARN ABOUT ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST FIGHTING FORCES-- THE ARMY OF SHORT-WAVE BROADCASTERS!

THESE MEN AND WOMEN BROADCAST TO EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD IN THE LANGUAGES OF EACH OF THE COUNTRIES!

THEY BUILD UP THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF ALL OUR ALLIES AND THEY WIN GERMANS ITALIANS AND EVEN JAPS OVER TO OUR SIDE BY TELLING THEM THE TRUTH ABOUT THEIR GANGSTER LEADERS

THEY ARE MORE POWERFUL THAN THOUSANDS OF PLANES, SHIPS, TANKS AND GUNS!

PHONE CALL FOR YOU, SIR!

THANK YOU!

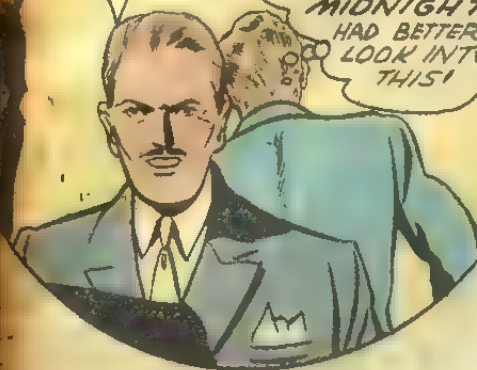
I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND WHY DR. LANZER WAS MURDERED!

WHAT KIND OF NOISE? INTERFERING WITH TRANSMITTER OPERATION? STRAIGHTEN IT OUT BEFORE THE SYMPHONY BROADCAST TONIGHT!

MY GUESS IS THAT THIS ISN'T GOING TO STOP WITH THE MURDER OF DR. LANZER!

SORRY GENTLEMEN.
I HAVE TO LEAVE
YOU. SOME
UNEXPECTED
DIFFICULTIES...

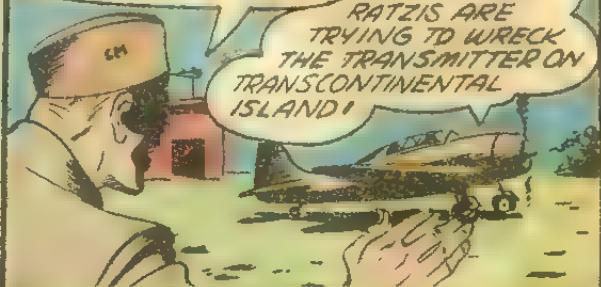
DIFFICULTIES IS
RIGHT! THAT
NAZI IN THE CAR
SAID SOMETHING
ABOUT THE
TRANSMITTER
TOO. CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT
HAD BETTER
LOOK INTO
THIS!



LATER, SPEEDING OUT OF ONE OF THE
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT SECRET SQUADRON
BASES, AMERICA'S ACE AXIS-BUSTER
IS OFF TO SMASH A DIABOLICAL NAZI
PLAN...

GOOD LUCK
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

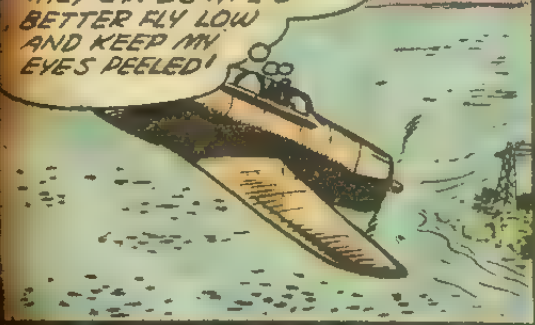
I'LL PROBABLY
NEED IT. I'M
SURE THOSE
RATZIS ARE
TRYING TO WRECK
THE TRANSMITTER ON
TRANSCONTINENTAL
ISLAND!



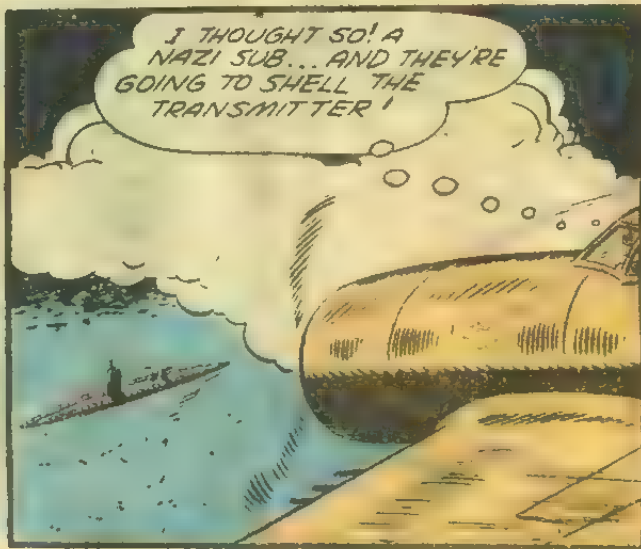
HE USES HIS SPECIAL LOW-FLYING X-13!

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, ON TINY
TRANSCONTINENTAL ISLAND,
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT SIGHTS
RADIO'S MOST POWERFUL
TRANSMITTER.

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY
THEY CAN DO IT. I'D
BETTER FLY LOW
AND KEEP MY
EYES PEELED!

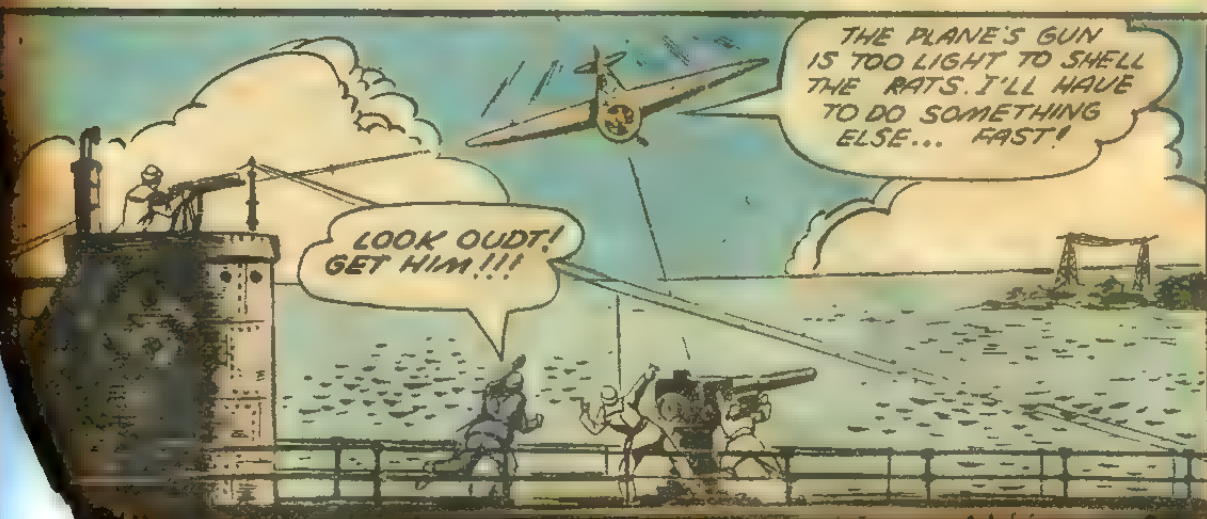


I THOUGHT SO! A
NAZI SUB... AND THEY'RE
GOING TO SHELL THE
TRANSMITTER!



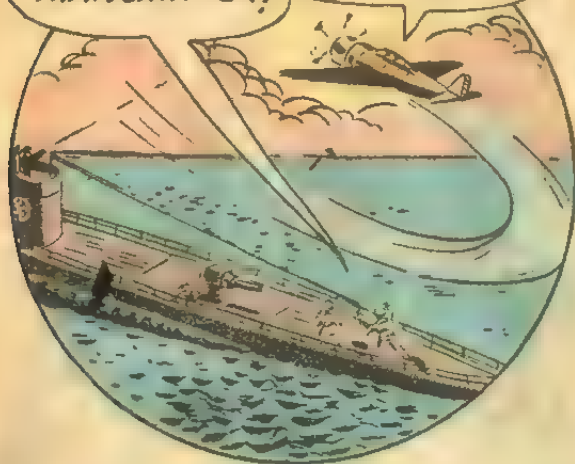
THE PLANE'S GUN
IS TOO LIGHT TO SHELL
THE RATS. I'LL HAVE
TO DO SOMETHING
ELSE... FAST!

LOOK OUT!
GET HIM!!!



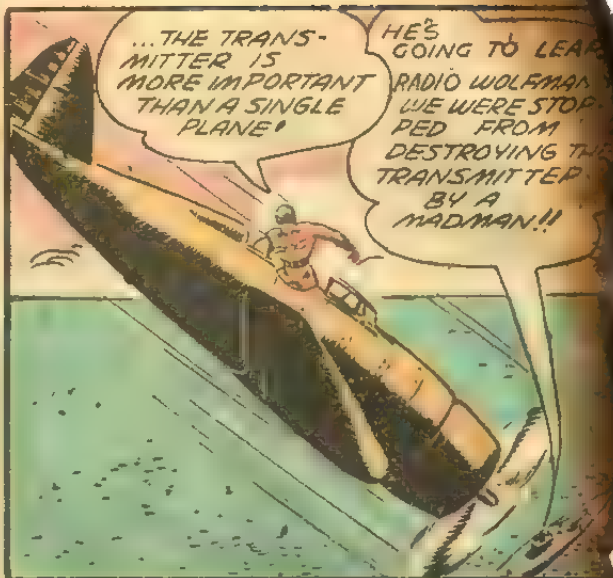
THE COWARD
RUNS AWAY!
BLAST THE
TRANSMITTER!

IT'S A SHAME TO
WASTE A GOOD
PLANE, BUT...

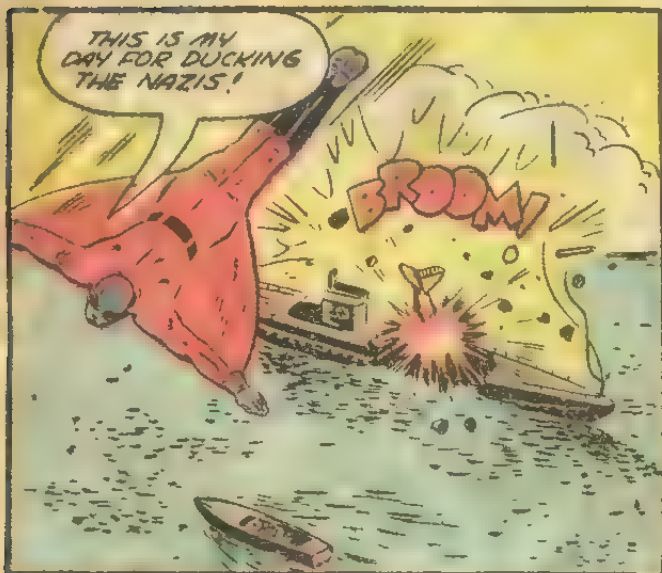


...THE TRANS-
MITTER IS
MORE IMPORTANT
THAN A SINGLE
PLANE!

HE'S
GOING TO LEAVE
RADIO WOLFMANN!
WE WERE STOP-
PED FROM
DESTROYING THE
TRANSMITTER
BY A
MADMAN!!



THIS IS MY
DAY FOR DUCKING
THE NAZIS!



GREAT WORK,
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT!
I KNEW IT
WAS YOU!

YOU SAVED OUR
TRANSMITTER!

NOT YET! IF
I KNOW THESE
NAZIS, THEY'LL
HAVE A SECOND
PLAN READY...
JUST IN CASE
THIS ONE
MISSED!



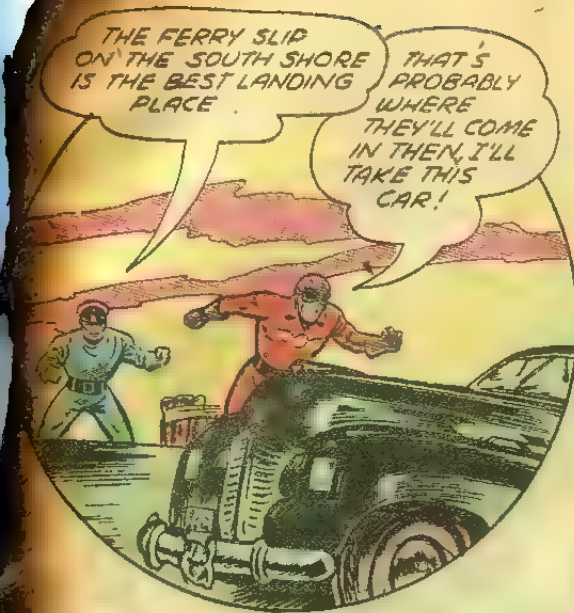
CAPT. MIDNIGHT IS RESCUED!

WHAT'S UP
JONES?

THEY CONTACTED A SECRET
HEADQUARTERS JUST BEFORE
THEIR RADIO WENT DEAD. A
GUY NAMED WOLFMANN...
THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE
ANOTHER TRY!

IT CAN'T
BE PLANES...
OR THEY
WOULDN'T
HAVE USED
THE SUB IN
THE FIRST
PLACE!



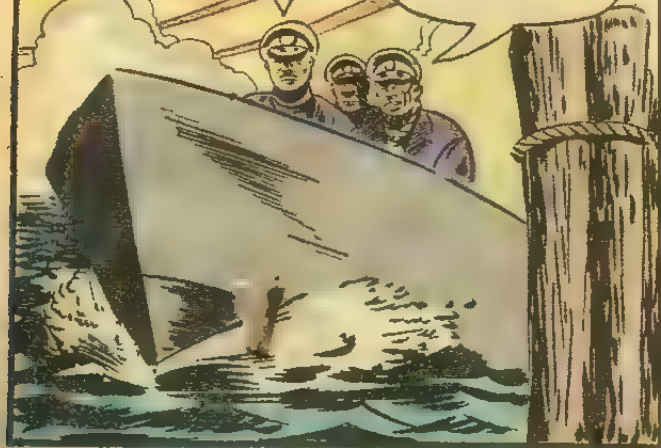


CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

BUT A SHOT FROM THE GUN OF ONE OF THE NAZIS ON THE FERRY HITS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S TIRE!!

DUMBKOPFS! FOOLS! LETTING ONE WILD AMERICAN RUIN OUR PLAN!

BUT BARON WOLFMANN... THAT IS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

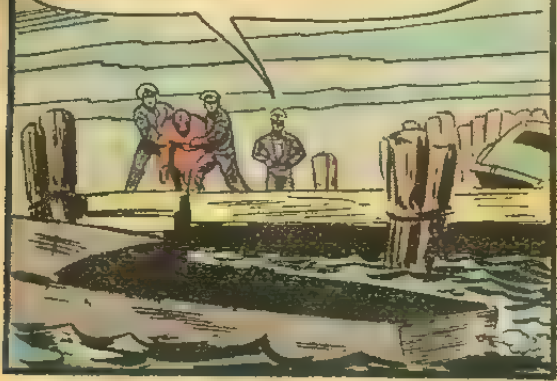


THE CAR CRASHES. CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS!

BRING DER DOG HERE! I VILL DEAL MIT HIM PERSONALLY!



WE DO NOT HAF ENUFF MEN LEFT TO WRECK THE TRANSMITTER. GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS MIT DIS AMERICAN DOG!



DEEP IN A CAVE ON THE SHORE, THE NAZI SECRET HEADQUARTERS

THAT CABLE VILL HOLD HIM UNTIL I GET BACK FROM THE TBS BUILDING!



SO, THE GREAT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT HAS MET HIS MASTER AT LAST!

YOU'LL BE THE SORRIEST MASTER THAT EVER LIVED, BEFORE IT'S ALL OVER!

BARON WOLFMANN CHANGES INTO HIS STRIP CLOTHES



I PLAN THE GRAVE OF YOUR STUPID AMERICA! TONIGHT, INSTEAD OF SYMPHONY MUSICIANS, THE WARRIORS OF THE THIRD REICH WILL DESCEND ON THE TBS BUILDING! IN INSTRUMENT CASES THEY VILL HAF MACHINE GUNS UND OTHER WEAPONS!



DEY VILL OVERCOME ALL OPPOSITION! DEN DEY VILL SEAL UP THE UNDERGROUND SHORT-WAVE STUDIOS AND VE VILL MAKE AN EXPERIMENT MIT OUR NEW POISON GAS.

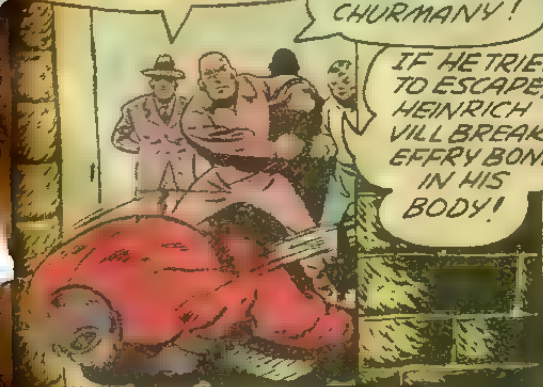
YOU CAN DREAM, EGG HEAD!



VEN I RETURN WE'LL TRY MY NEW TORTURE METHODS ON YOU! THROW HIM IN DER CELL, HEINRICH!

NO WUNDER! HEINRICH, VAS KNOWN AS THE STRONGEST NAZI IN CHURMANY!

IF HE TRIES TO ESCAPE, HEINRICH VILL BREAK EFFRY BONE IN HIS BODY!



EVEN AS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT LIES DAZED IN HIS CELL, THE DIABOLICAL NAZI PLAN UNFOLDS AT THE TBC STATION!

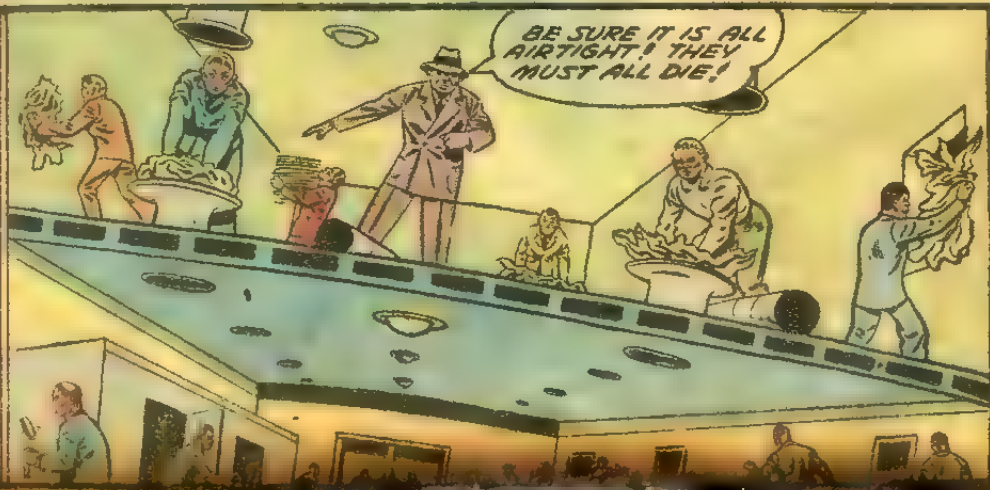
TAKE THAT, AMERICAN DUG!

VE CLEAR DER VAY!!



AND THE EVIL GENIUS, WHOSE BRAIN HATCHED THE MURDEROUS SCHEME, DIRECTS FINAL SEALING OPERATIONS.

BE SURE IT IS ALL AIRTIGHT! THEY MUST ALL DIE!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

BACK IN HIS CELL, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S MIND WORKS FEVERISHLY, TRYING TO DEVISE A MEANS OF ESCAPE.

NO USE! I'D NEVER REACH THAT KNIFE TO CUT THE CABLE!

I HOPE THIS PLASTIC WIRE DOES THE TRICK!

THE PLASTIC WIRE STRETCHED LOW ACROSS THE CENTER OF THE CELL IS ALL BUT INVISIBLE.... CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT TRIES HIS DESPERATE PLAN.

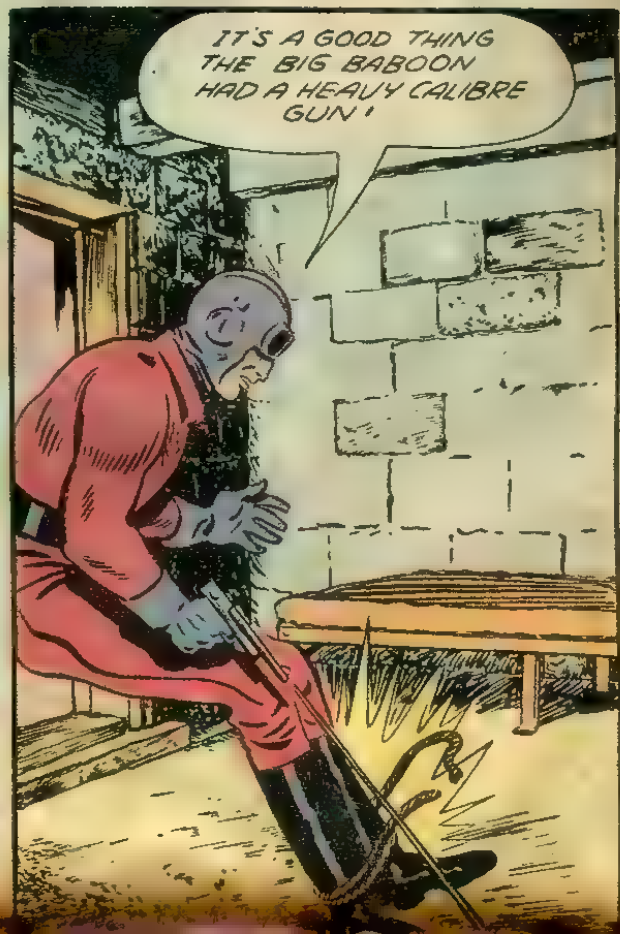
NOW TO TIE THIS END!

SO YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE STRONGEST NAZI IN THE WORLD, EH? I THINK YOU'RE JUST A BIG, DUMB OX!!

I COULD TEAR YOU TO PIECES WITH MY BARE HANDS!

I'LL KNOCK YOU COCKEYED WITH MY HANDS TIED!

THE GREAT BARON WOLFMANN WANTS ME TO SAVE YOU FOR HIM. OTHERWISE I KILL YOU!!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

FROM HIS UTILITY BELT, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT TAKES HIS MIDGET RADIO SET AND CALLS HIS SECRET SQUADRON BASES.

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT CALLING BASES A3, A5, A9 - SMASH NAZI ATTACK IN UNDERGROUND SHORT-WAVE STUDIOS OF TBS BUILDING.... URGENT... PILOT 16, PICK ME UP!



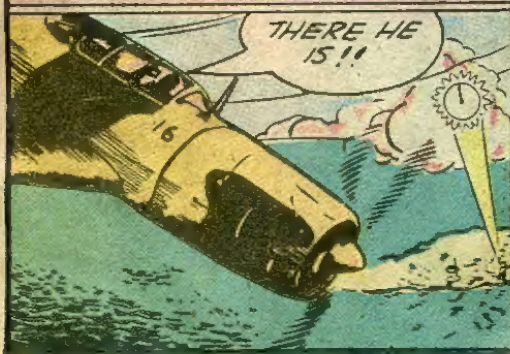
INSTANTLY THE SECRET SQUADRON CRACK PILOTS RESPOND TO THE CALL.

COUNT ON CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT TO KEEP UP WITH THOSE NAZI SKUNKS!

THIS OUGHT TO BE A GOOD SHOW!



AND PILOT 16 SIGHTS THE EMBLEM OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DOWN ON THE BEACH WHERE HE FLASHES HIS DOOM-BEAM TORCH!



THERE HE IS!!

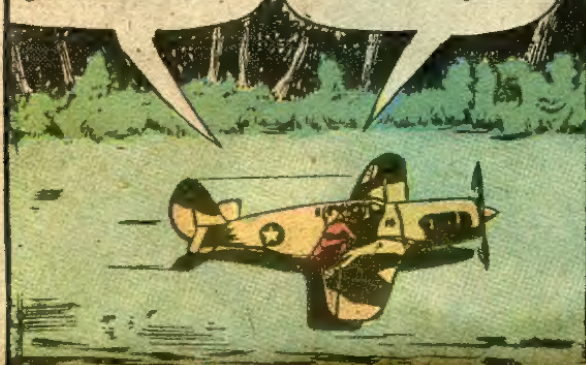
BUT AT THE TBS BUILDING THE NEW POISON GAS IS ALREADY BEING BLOWN INTO THE UNDERGROUND STUDIOS!!!

BEFORE DEY CAN REPLACE THESE BROADCASTERS VE VILL HAF WON DER WAR!



HURRY, JACK! WE DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS SMASH FINISH!

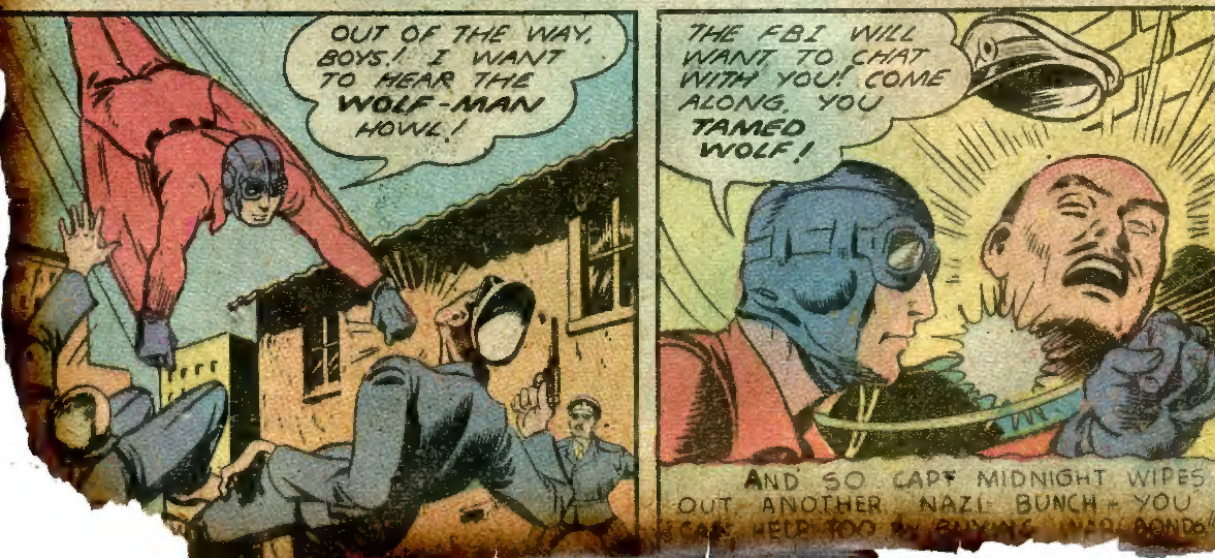
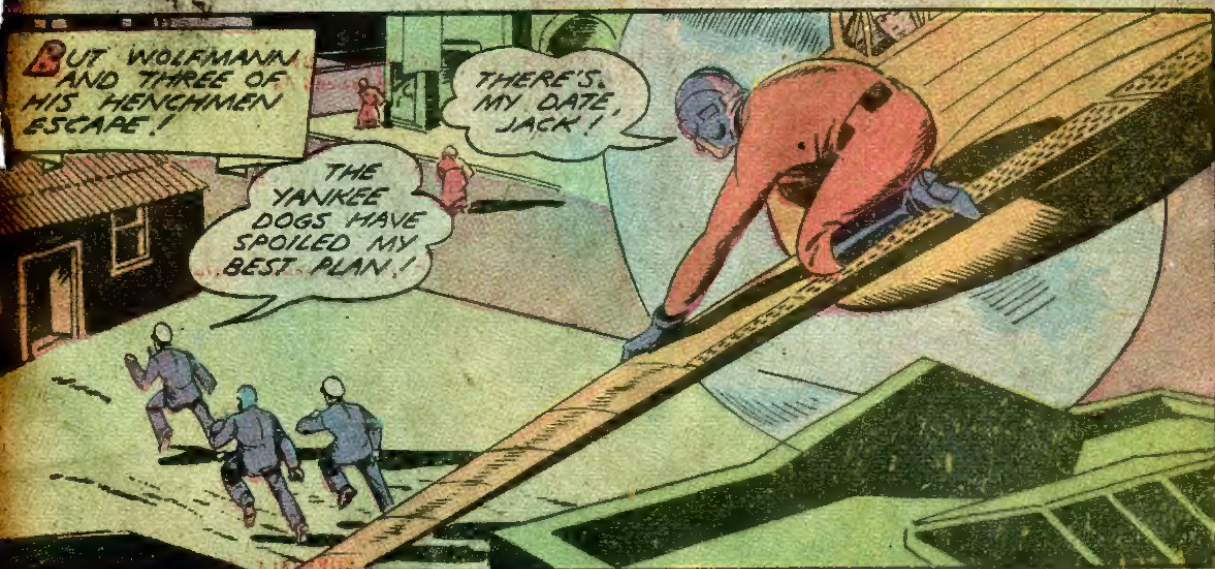
THIS A-24 DOESN'T WASTE ANY TIME, CAPTAIN!



ON THE ROOFS AND TERRACES THE SECRET SQUADRON ACES MAKE EXPERT LANDINGS.



BUT CAPT MIDNIGHT IS FLYING TO THE RESCUE!



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